

# CAVALCADE

1'6

April 1952



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A New Cure for Baldness — Page 12



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**Crusader**  
 GUARANTEED  
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 FADE OR SHRINK



# Cavalcade

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VOL. 11, No. 3

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# THAT FAR YESTERDAY

E. V. TIMMS



More morale will not help an armed and determined enemy bent on conquest.

APRIL: The month in which Australia, in 1915, reached full maturity when her manhood stood proudly in the company of the earth's great.

War is never of the Australian's making, but too often in the brief span of his existence as an Australian, he has walked the bloody path of death and suffering so that his people shall preserve their liberties and their way of life. War however we may

differ among ourselves as to the merits of those liberties, or the worth of our way of life—we still tend always shilly-pally from a to rumbustious submission, and the destruction of our race and blood.

April 20th, 1932.

In the early hours of that cool, still morning a great armada of battleships and troop-transports glided darkly over a silent, placid sea. The Aden-

allies and their blood-brothers, the New Zealanders, were running towards a shadowed coast bristled by the front teeth of a vast, crescent moon. Miles to the south the English and the French were also methodically approaching the landing-strips in them.

So quiet was that sea, as quiet was the day-dawn lead to the east. But that serenity, broken only by the soft chittering of ships' engines and the weak voices of the bulls, was the prelude to a hell which was to burn the glory from Australia.

Around it raged, on that dark and doleful morning, for the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps but since that day it has turned the eyes of the whole world to the lands of the Southern Cross. It served to the peoples of Australia and New Zealand a surge of national pride never before known; it set in later years a stirring watchful and faithfully upheld by the men who fought in World War II for the preservation of the state Australia and the same way of life.

The man who glorifies war is a fool. Yet it is paradoxical that in wartime men tend towards short couches suggesting lengths of self-sacrifice, of value, and of worthiness. This is true of every nation. The tragedy of humanity is that war—with all its waste, its anguish, its cruel moments of high value, its blood and death and suffering—is a primed and relentless way of settling the differences between nations.

But there it lies More worshipping will not help an armed and determined enemy than our contempt and the triumph of that contempt. Nothing heroic is this heroic age but armed men will teach the rash of armed men; nothing but war armed men will, in any ferocious time, stand between us and extinction if others are eager to destroy us.

And so, on that April morning long ago, because of this truth, the men of

Australia came peacefully in their ships to meet the Powers that would destroy them. So quietly at the wheel of history spinning in our time that the chances of that day are likely to be our allies of tomorrow. Another World War has been fought and now the ever-spinning wheel of destiny will undoubtedly weave strange patterns in the fabric of national alignments and rivalries.

Men at the great Council tables of the nations are still the conscious of the world right supporting them, always superimposed on the soft utterances of diplomats can be heard the threatening snap of steel and hammer now like a greater roar of Dismas over the heads of the nation's leaders and their peoples in the star-bomb.

That it will never be used again is the devout prayer of all sane men, but, it has been used—and there are still men who, in the ultimate records of history, say, *not now*.

But the star-bomb was far away on that far yesterday when the Austral met the brave and stalwart Turks; the most brilliant and invincible warlike mould had not then terminated their fine achievements by forging a military weapon that would bring slaughter and holocaust in whole cities in an annihilating instant of horror. That indomitable contribution to mankind's terror and unkindness was yet to come.

War—total warfare—was just beginning in 1915, and the monstrous conception came out of Germany—modern Germany—who decided to turn the pagan paths of the barbarous Huns and Goths to the belief that the sufferings of infants and old people would bring paralyzing horrors and no human victory.

It comes then we must to-day who believe the star-bomb German. It is a modern scientific marvel; it is not a

## MAN-Eater-Dog Department

Mr. Dominic Gomes, of San Antonio, Texas (USA) service employee at Kelly air base, was plodding merrily home when a ratholeman bit him on the leg, immediately began to writh in severe convulsions, fussy Red dog II bit, and collapsed—stun-died. Explained Dominic immediately: "I handle a ton of antacid capsules, a deadly poison, at the plant. I've gradually built up an immunity to it; the antacidic had'n."

barbarous as a row of sharpened wooden stakes driven through naked bodies. Actually, we should apologize to the Alarins, the Afrians, and the Georgia Khans of old, for among the natives of to-day are no more ruthless and implacable men.

It was to treat and defeat the rat-hands and implacable men of the Central Powers that the Allies, that Agap-mani, turned to quickly armada Gallipoli. The men of Anzac were as daring, fierce to defend their homes—but, should they fail, then the enemy would rend the lands they loved.

They were young men—though with veterans among them—and they were truth and newly-trained. Their friends were few, the big seeds of Egypt had stripped the lot of them. They were determined men, but their fighting qualities were unknown as the ships sped on to the shores. And on those crowded ships no man could say whether he would be alive or dead at the end of the day.

Dark upon dark they stood, silent every one a valiant, waiting for the

hour. Their thoughts? Who can tell at such a time? Undoubtedly in those moments before the actual onset of their thoughts went back to awful lands to wade plains and rivers where the red-guns threw dagged shadows, to glistening boulders and sounding breakers, to form and station and crowded city streets. Yet what would that day bring to them?

What we now know, The Landing on Gelibolu was made in country such that once when they were converted the enemy was before them, the sea at their backs. It was the same for the English and French attacking at the south. There could be no return.

That for yesterday! Somewhere in the dark hills a warning light shone; the Turk was alerted; but the 3rd Brigade of the Australian First Division leapt from the landing boats and cleared the way with bullet and bayonet.

Strings of boats, filled with bloodied Aussies, being towed to a little beach under flying hills, great transports spewing men out of their decks into more boats, men, heavily wounded down with arms and ammunition, dragging a hundred rope-holders to the decks of destroyers, iron barges belted lowered and filled with stores, warships opening up with thunderous fire on the ridges and plateaus and on the fort of Gelibolu a mile or so to the south, the hills now showing the puff and burst of Turkish shells as rifle-fire and the noise of machine-guns rose in a roar of sound.

The morning sun brightened on the shore of Gallipoli—rasped, broken, with screeby, twisted gullies and valleys caving under sharp hills and sheer cliffs. The scent of sage was heavy on the air, soon to be mingled with the stench of smoke and blood.

And with the rising sun the rate of battle mounted. Units became lost in the tangled country; battalions be-

came small but as they went. The toll of the wounded and dead steadily mounted. Deep and ringing now was the thunder from the works' guns. The Turkish fort of Gaba Tepe, south of Anzac Cove, was methodical under having shells from the cruiser "Biscaia," but every now and then a swishing Turkish gun would send its death shell hurtling towards the landing beaches and the ships close by.

Imagine it . . . if you can. A bright, sunny Sunday, a calm like an July off the coast the rusty transports, still chuckering men and stores.

What afternoon came, many had died. Many hundreds were dead; hundreds more wounded. High up in the hills above them to meet their hosts. Low and thick above the craggy ridge behind the Turks strewn their machine-guns out the bushes above the roofs of the houses. These Turkish guns seemed to lose the sides and gullies with lead; but it was night, not the deadly Turks fire, that met the Aussie guns. A black night floating with red fire across the sides of the broken hills. And men were still coming ashore. Night heard savage fire and Adria, breakers were dry, navigation was impeded; weary men gathered water if they had any, without recorded made their way as best they

could from distant ports down to the beach, pushing paddle craft forward to discover and harass preparation was made to meet the inevitable counter-attack, men asked, "Where are we?" and "Where's the end of our road?" but in the day-long battle practically all units were mixed-up.

But the Aussies had won their battle. The Landing had cost them dearly, but they were ashore. Down south the English and the French also had landed—the English from the battleship "River Clyde" in one of the greatest acts of heroism in the long story of British arms.

So the long combat began. But the Aussies had made history. Their achievements in the following months—and later in France and Palestine—are now also history.

On that day, that Sunday, the 25th April, 1915, the bywords of the men from "Down Under" was for them a place with the immortals, a reputation exceeding all other fields of battle, as being the finest shock troops in the world.

On that day yesterday they brought Australia and New Zealand to full, tenacious. Their sons, in World War II, have kept proudly high the standard these forbears had raised. And what of their sons' sons? Well, who of threat? The hand is the signal!

That for yesterday! It is April again





A helpless woman lay on the bed, bowed, watching the fire and the loved light from dimmed eyes.

## Limping Lothario

FREDERICK SMALL was small by name and by nature. His body was comparatively small too. He shared the perfect nose, he liked the amiable smile; both were broken.

Fred was short and slim—a little man in more ways than one. He walked with a dejected limp, he had small, meek ways and was held in small esteem. The only thing big about him was his ego—that was enormous.

Fred, however, must have had his good points when he chose to exert them . . . or some women are more foolish than one would expect . . . for he married three times.

His first wife died in childbirth,

what happened to the child she couldn't avoid. It may have also died. Death would be a happy release.

The second wife was a greater success—financially, at least. Having got very tired of Fred (which might be a reasonable expectation, if all they each about her was that she found herself another man)—or Small and the rest. At any rate, Fred discovered his wife's alleged lover with an elevation of affection just . . . The rest you wouldn't and in a high position. Rather than face the scandal he settled out of court.

Fred took the money, divorced his second wife, and looked around for a third. He had been a get-along-

grade place . . . and fast!

He found a young and pretty girl who was on his波士頓 in that second division of the country—and he married her.

Small had the money he had got from his second with his supposed lover, he planned to get more—much more. He spent some of the money he had in buying a cheap, weatherboarded two-story brick cottage near Lake Caspian, New Hampshire, U.S. Lake Caspian was a tourist resort—sheerin', hunting and that sort of thing.

It served Fred. The first thing he did was to take out a full insurance on the house against fire.

He spent some more money, this time on electrical gadgets. He set up a laboratory in the cellar. The cellar often contained a deep pool of water which had seeped in, but all the houses along the lake shore suffered from the same trouble. Fred picked out a dry section for his branch and turned to work.

Fred's next move was to try to take out a twenty thousand dollar insurance on his wife's life (undercover to her). The company backed. The policy was a little too big for an insurance risk. Fred had to cut out sacrifice bank.

He accompanied with a second pol-  
icy (with his wife's consent). He took out a joint coverage for twenty thousand dollars. This was on both the life of himself and his wife. If he died first, she got the money; if she died first, he collected.

He now went on with his business until Arkansas sent away that tourist to warmer climates. Most of the cottages closed, but the Sealls were permanent residents.

He made a close friend of Ed Connor, the local insurance agent and a solid citizen. He suggested to Ed that they take a trip to Boston. Ed was glad to agree.

"I know a lot of people in Boston," said Small. "I could put you in the way of a lot of business—and we could make a pleasant trip of it, as well."

Connor decided he might as well make the trip. There was no business left at home. He fixed a date in October. He also inadvertently fixed the date of Mrs. Small's death!

Now really Fred went to work. He began to pack his bag. He put in the things he valued most—papers relative to the division of his second wife whom he might have hoped to do a little blackmail later on, his insurance policies, an annotated inventory of the contents of the house in case the insurance company might get lucky . . . and a handkerchief Almanac was and overnight cloth.

The laundryman in the nearby village of Montezuma was named Kenneth Wherries. Fred wanted to go to the train he always called Merritt to his house with a horse and buggy. And as they drove away Fred would always call back Jerryville to his wife.

Fred told Kenneth to call on the date Fred for the trip. He and Ed Connor would leave on the four o'clock train. Kenneth had always got a whisky when he called for Small and he looked forward to the job.

That morning the press from Montezuma, one sleeping, visited at the Small home on his usual rounds. He found both Mr. and Mrs. Small happy and cheerful. Mrs. Small gave him an aside:

"Just as the glasses had gone, Fred got into quick action. There would be no more visitors before Kenneth and he had much to do. He took his wife upstairs into the bedrooms. He may have knocked her out as he grabbed her, he was playing a game. However he removed it, he carefully and secretly traced her up with the thin experimental electrical wire he had been using. He made a good job of it, too.

## A SHORT SON ON THE SHARES OF DRAWING A MONTHLY SALARY

Time, they say, is relative,  
but still I find it funny  
that I should have so much  
month left  
at the end of my money.

JAY-PAT

The helpless woman could have told them on the bed and watched her various electrical apparatus which was to set fire to the house in several hours time! How he did it was never explained, for the police were baffled.

Fred then used however bravely in the name of all the wife. This was to be the perfect cover, with all the evidence lost. When everything was done he returned to the bedroom, covering in his hand.

It would be impossible to fully measure the horror of his wife when she realized that he meant to kill her. He had kept her alive until the last possible moment. Now he placed the gun to her temple and blew out her brains.

He got the re-loaded revolver in his bag. The place must burn to a cinder, his wife must burn to a cinder—well, not quite, in a cinder, for there would have to be a body for the insurance company. Should he remove the wire bonds? Not necessary. It was expert and it would cut off the flesh of the corpse. This would be a fine finale.

He pulled the body into the centre of the room. That placed it right under a beam. His apparatus would soon make sure the beam was burnt through. The beam would fall and smash the skull of the corpse. And all this would happen in several hours time—better make it seven hours later o'clock that night—when he would be over a hundred miles away.

When Kenneth arrived he was not invited into the house for a whisky. He decided small room here ran out of room. Fred stood out and called leaving themselves back to his wife as usual. Kenneth didn't hear his answering blood voices within his, but he took no notice of that at the time.

He took Fred into the village, where they picked up Ed Connor. Connor and Small went to Boston.

They registered at Young's Hotel. When they were settled in, Ed grabbed at Fred.

"Let's forget business for awhile," said Fred. "Let's polish the room. But first, let's go to the Pardon House and send postcards to the folks I promised my wife I would."

Ed was an agreeable sort of customer, he went along. Fred sent one postcard to his wife, on which he signed the date, the place and even the month.

Connor and he then cracked a bottle and took in a show—some silent movies at the Magnetic Theatre. At ten o'clock Fred sat in himself! The house would go up in flames now, while he sat over a hundred miles away with the perfect smile on the shape of solid citizen Ed Connor.

So far he was right, too. At ten o'clock some company men forced themselves down the Hennel exterior. They rushed to save the house. But there wasn't a chance. In a very short time the place was burned to the ground. Meanwhile Ed and Fred returned to Young's Hotel. Just as they got in

at midnight, there came word to Fred that his house had been burned and his wife was dead! He went into a swoon.

Half an hour later he was well enough to get into the specially chartered car which was to run them back to Massachusetts. And he arrived in time to see her.

"Tell me, Ed," he said, "what do I do first to get the insurance on my wife?"

Connor had been greatly upset by the whole affair and he did not try to answer.

The two men hurried out to the charred ruins at Lake George. Fred was sure a tragic widow. There were several persons around the ruins.

Fred met the police, excepting his own.

"My poor wife?" he said. "Does your friend bear body?"

"Yes, we have!" was the reply. "And we charge you with her murder."

Send over that bag!"

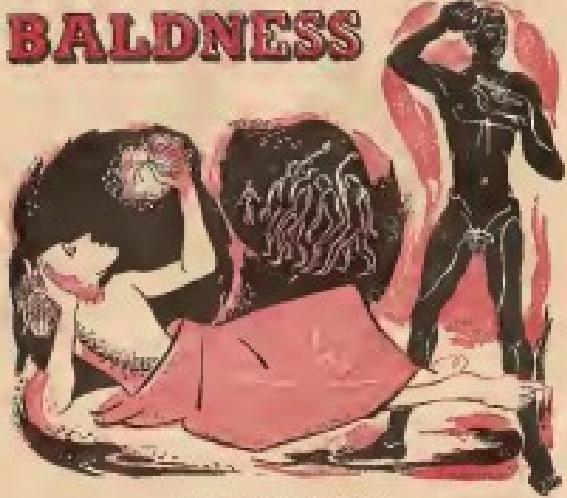
"You're mad!" said Fred.

"I don't think, Small," said the detective. "The construction you fixed to the base of ten o'clock worked all right, but the fire that burns away the floor of the bedrooms, and the bed fell through, with the body. The same thing happened on the lower floor, with the result that the body fell into the water in the cellar. It was charred a little, that was all. She was tied up with fine wire like this in your bag; she was also shot in the head. Ballistic experts will prove whether this was the gun that did it. We have the bullet, which was still in the shell. Your wife was a victim of death, Small."

A year later the hangman on the State Prison at Concord dropped Fred Small into a cellar, but there was a rope round his neck which prevented him reaching the bottom.



# new hope for BALDNESS



ROBERT SMITH-FILDING

Baldness has been a problem for doctors for centuries, but now hope today is brighter for the shiny scalp residents.

"YOUR hair roots may still be alive, even if you are totally bald or are losing your hair."

This statement is made by Carl Brandenburg, "hairsurgeon" of St. Helens, Oregon, and he backs up his words with documented cases.

Men and women have worried about baldness for centuries, and their concern is both natural and obvious. Almost everyone agrees that a full, luxuriant growth of hair ranks among more attractive than a bald and

shiny "balded bell." Loss of hair usually makes a person look older, too, and that more aged appearance can have considerable effect on getting or keeping jobs, wives and many other vital aspects of everyday living.

In years past, baldness has been thought to be a sign of deteriorating virility, but hair expert Carl Brandenburg states that no scientific evidence has ever been uncovered to prove this theory.

Baldness has been a problem to

perhaps thousands of years, but there is surprisingly little medical knowledge about it. Doctors are forced to admit that in many cases they do not know what causes hair fall out, or what makes it start growing again. There never has been the intensive medical research into this subject as for the past cures of measles. Probably this is due to the fact that while millions of people are cured with balding heads, few, if any, patients have actually died from this ailment.

Most people have clung firmly along with the weather sometimes they could talk about, but not do anything to improve. However, Carl Brandenburg refused to be disengaged.

The story of Carl Brandenburg begins back in the 1920's with a boy Carl's father wanted to make with him. Brandenburg's mother wanted to warn that her son Carl would be totally bald before he reached 30. It was a bad bet for Carl because back through the years almost every male member of the Brandenburg family had displayed shiny pates even younger than this. Carl's father, the former Count Frederick von Brandenburg, was an avid student of zoology, and he recalls as their family tree revealed shiny heads back to the days of Martin Luther.

When Carl decided to accept the bet, his father advised him to get married as soon as possible because his chances would be better while he still had hair. Carl took his advice and married another Nebraska native, Pacific Foothills, while they were both attending the University of Nebraska.

Carl prided himself on the "vast" of hair he had as a young man, and his father's warning bothered him. He even made a crude headpiece to look like a totally bald head just to see how bad that would be. One look

in the mirror gave him the shock of his life and started him on the path which resulted fifteen years later, in the development of his new world-famous formulae and remedies.

Carl Brandenburg has never been one to accept unsatisfactory answers just because they were the best at hand. He began to learn all that he could about the causes of baldness while he was still in college, and he spent two extra years reading books. He thought might help in his search.

These years passed since Carl learned his father's dire warning. Carl was thirty. He and Pacific wife growing pelicans and fibrous on their ranch near St. Helens, Oregon. And Carl believed had been absolutely right—Carl was very rapidly growing bald.

By that time Carl had made several observations which he thought held clues to the cause of baldness. For one thing, Carl had noticed medical students at the University of Nebraska getting秃头. Every one of the students with a full head of hair had a lot of fatty tissue underneath it. The baldheaded ones all had thin skin drawn tightly over their bone structure. Carl decided that if he could scare off to grow underneath the scalp, he might cause hair to grow as well.

In his constant reading, Carl Brandenburg learned that rats' testicles had helped in thicker the fur on rabbits. Carl continued to study and to experiment—and to run his experiments on his own bedding hand.

Late in 1942 Carl worked out a treatment which he felt was the right answer. Without saying much about it, he applied his discovery on himself. About this time the Brandenburgs went away for several weeks on a trip. On their return—Carl's treatments claimed his libido began to increase on his increased hair!

Carl Brandenburg did not accept this

**REPORT COURTESY OF JANE REEVES** Jane Reeves is first. It appears that as patient, one of her pet peeves is that people just listen when you talk to them. And the reason? Well, it all began when she went to a party soon after she had made her debut in "Affairs of State". Naturally, Jane was not what you would call one of the first arrivals. But she had an answer to all the questions. When her hostess opened the door, Jane quipped artfully: "The party's to be so late. But it took longer than I intended to powder my nose and coat and take the buskin". The hostess didn't even turn a hair or as much as blink an eyelash. One aspect of the case which Jane appears to have overlooked, however, is that her hostess may have minded her biting wit! (From "Photoplay"—the world's most famous motion picture magazine)

as concluding proof, however. He asked for twenty volunteers to try out his new treatment. This request appeared in the St. Helena Journal-Mail on January 23, 1958. Overnight it was reprinted in metropolitan newspapers all over the country. Carl was flooded with volunteers and inquiries. One smooth-topped citizen offered one hundred dollars for a treatment others offered amounts ranging from postage stamps to two hundred and fifty dollars. Carl turned down all the offers of money, but he deserved his salvation without charge in a group of twenty-two local volunteers.

The response of Carl's "guinea pigs" was reported throughout the land by press, radio and screen. The St. Helena potato grower was promptly nicknamed the "hair doctor".

Not all of the "guinea pigs" grew hair. A number of them did, however, and many St. Helena beauticians were pleased with pride to whip up newly-growing hair on spots that had been shorn bald just a short while before.

In April 1958, Carl Broadbent decided that actual results warranted offering his formula and service to

the general public. Before long thousands of men and women all over the country were applying his formula and using the Broadbent's private cream. Carl has no way of knowing exactly how many of these people have grown hair, but he can display thousands of testimonial letters from satisfied users. In fact, an independent firm of certified public accountants prepared and documents these letters, and they have at the certified cost more than \$2000 letters of praise for the Broadbent's home cream!

These "success stories" continue to arrive with every mail. They come from every state and from 3,000 cities and towns within the United States.

The Broadbent's home cream consists of three interrelated steps. Formula "A" contains a small percentage of sulfathiazole, and it is Broadbent's belief that this formula has what is described as a bactericidal action on the scalp. That is, the formula kill the bacteria on which bacterial bacteria feed, and these bacteria are starved to death.

Formula "B" contains insulin and other ingredients. The insulin is designed as a softening agent and to help

the vital ingredients of Formula "A" penetrate into the skin. In addition, Formula "B" acts as a drawing and conditioner for the scalp and hair.

The Broadbent's Pressure Massager is something quite different from commonly known exercises. In the first place, it is not done on the top of the head but from the base of the neck up to what Carl calls the "hair band line." The pressure temporarily increases the blood supply to the scalp area, takes the two formulas penetrates into the scalp and aids in the reinvigoration of the body.

"I wish everyone could sit at my desk and read these heat-warming letters," says Broadbent. "To me, these expressions of thanks are the stuff of my whole life."

During the past five years, Carl has conducted ten research, publishing a series of medical basis on his formula and massage. In one of these tests, a group of twenty-seven men and women used Broadbent's Body and Hair Application and Massage under medical observation. Each of these people was given a medical examination at the beginning of the test, and a small slice of skin was taken from the bald area of the head.

These people were examined again at intervals of about four weeks, and photographs were taken at each of these times. At the conclusion of the test, another small slice of scalp was taken from the same spot as the first, and extensive microscopic studies were made to determine the change in cellular structure.

The doctors who conducted these experiments testified that at the 21 people 11 of them displayed "marked or unusual" change in the amount of hair they had, and that five more showed "a slight amount of new hair growth."

In addition to developing his formulas and massage, Carl Broadbent

has devised a set of simple rules for the care of your scalp and hair.

**KEEP YOUR HAIR CLEAN**—and be sure that you clean your body properly.

**KNEAD, COMB AND BRUSHES CLEAN, TOO**

**DON'T BRUSH YOUR HAIR** any more than absolutely necessary to keep it dressed into place.

**DO NOT IRRIATE YOUR SCALP** with burning vibrations, aspirin oil or harsh soaps.

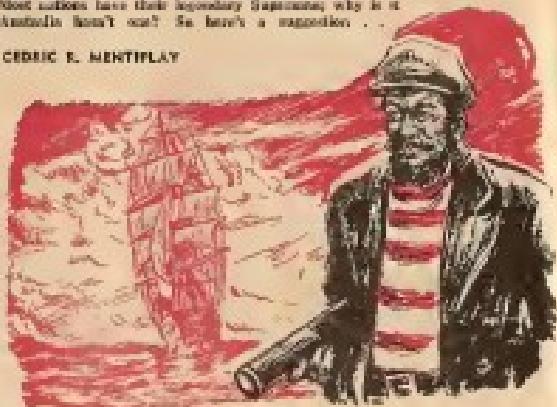
**DO NOT WEAR A TIGHT-FITTING HAT**.

Carl Broadbent has published these rules with his recipes and explanations for them in a booklet. He will be glad to send his "Rules for Care of Your Body and Hair" to anyone who is interested in them and will write to Carl Broadbent, St. Helena, Oregon.



Most nations have their legendary figures; why is it Australia hasn't one? So here's a suggestion . . .

CEDRIC R. MENTIFLAY



# PAUL BUNYAN of the whalers

**L**ENDINGS are slow-growing around these parts. We've had our share of fresh-starters, of pioneers here and the horizon. They break up and we're forgotten them.

Not so the Canadians. From the wealth of their history, no richer than ours, great divers emerge. You've heard about those Paul Bunyans, the king of the lumberjacks? The legend had it he was two hundred feet tall, covered his hair with a full-grown fir-tree, and made Canada's myriad lakes with his great footprints. He is credited with building the huge Canadian timber industry, with winning

the country from the wilderness.

Why haven't we, in Australia, and New Zealand, found a Paul Bunyan? The answer is, because we haven't looked. Bunyan is history, but somewhere, at some time or other, there must have been a real Paul Bunyan. Maybe he was a giant, a bulldozer, a batter-and, casting out the French-Scottish emigrants which is a part of the Canadian legend, maybe he was seven feet tall.

We can match him at these measurements. I give you Captain Taka Guard.

Jacky Guard was a big man, too—a

giant black-bearded giant of a man with a taste for sword-happy and stronger liquor.

Guardian founded an industry—and social Guard. He entered history around 1910, sailing his little 20-ton brig "Waterloo" out of Sydney to rove around the little-known coasts of New Zealand.

The chance came early in 1917, as usual with Jacky Guard; it was diagnosed as disaster. He was working the Wharariki through Cook Strait, the turbulent body of water separating the two main islands of New Zealand, when he was caught in a severe trap.

The little brig was caught close in on a big storm.

As last Jacky Guard was forced to a grim decision. He was going ashore somehow, but there were two ways he could do it—either broadside on and helpless, or land on end under full control until the last moment. There was only one course he could take. He put the helm hard over and went at the rocks.

The "Waterloo" picked up speed for her final run. The shafts clanged short-horn.

Her, somehow, steered miraculously, a narrow channel opened ahead. Guard had his borrowed oars at the grip and a mighty wave gathered up the craft.

Then the grip of the wave slackened. The brig was sliding easily on deep water which had scarcely a ripple on its surface. Jacky Guard had found the perfect harbor (which is now known as Tery Channel).

But the full implications of his discovery did not strike him until the following day, when he climbed to the summit of the protective ridge and looked out across the drift. Here and there, bleached and well-worn on the surface, he could see whales.

The land-area of New Zealand was roughly eight hundred miles long, and

guarded by only one gateway—Cook Strait. Any whale wishing to pass from the Tasman to the Pacific or vice versa must swim right around the coast or pass through the strait. As a whale was an animal, and to start hunting, a could not pass Tery Channel unobserved. This was the perfect site for a new industry—whale whaling.

He headed for Sydney, where he engaged hands and bought suitable gear. In May, 1920, the whaling station which came to be known as Port Underwood, was launched.

But in Sydney Guard was becoming a mystery. Many whaling operators tried to find the whereabouts of Jacky Guard's secret castle, but his own boats were parked astern, paid to keep their mouths shut.

For sixteen months the secret held good. Then, in September, 1920, Captain William Worth followed a hunch or mere hunch—information told Cook Street. As he crossed his ship "Elizabeth and Mary" along the southern shore, he sighted a couple of whalers rowing hard for what seemed a solid cliff-face. He followed them in, found himself in a bay charred with a fire-breath hole—and then stumbled upon Jacky Guard's secret castle.

The Indian name was no. Within a few months Port Underwood was the greatest whaling port in history.

But it attracted the scum of the earth. Jacky Guard and others of his breed were careful whom they recruited, but there were many who were not so scrupulous.

A case of action was Captain Guard. He headed for Sydney in 1929. There he married a pretty fifteen-year-old lass named Betty Parker. She was the first white woman to live in the South Island of New Zealand; their son John was the first white child to be born there. Soon a disaster, Louie, was added to the Guard family.

**HE** took Watson where this was. Said that these dogs even big fish aren't to be given so much as a sporting chance. At least, three German essentials appear to have left the pack-pot. They're using an electric fishing rodent ... the fish bite on an electric hook, are knopped out, and hooked to the surface. Presently, salt water absorbed the current holder it could penetrate the fish. The scientist method is honest ... except that an electric wire is attached to the hook which generates electric tension.

By that time there were other women in Port Underwood—Moan and half-native wives who had free passage on many of the whaling ships as a reward for their services, escaped convict wives, even Chinese and Malay women from the far northern islands. There were wild stories of unusual

So five years passed. Then, in 1934, Jacky Gandy, with his wife and children, set sail again for Sydney in his boat "Harriet." It was a warm day at the time. Tom Underwood was possibly out of hospital.

The "Marine" was driven far north by a gale, which trapped her on either ice above, thus time lost at the Transvaal Right.

In the spirit of a howling gale  
they were "blown" beneath high  
and dry on the hills east of Terre-  
ville. Passengers and crew struggled  
ashore, but found no shelter there.  
They were immediately attacked from  
all sides by bands of Moors.

Jacky Guard was fanned back by a  
present of walked bodies. A fresh hope

A warrior broke through the ring of steel, cutting and slashing with deadly effect. A turnback swing and Betty went down. Warriors matched the two children.

The survivors fought on until there were no hope left. Only then did Jacky Guard and his twelve remaining men decided to parley. His offer was blase. For the lives of his crew and his children he was prepared to pay a price of ransome.

The Mountis preferred not to haggle, so there was a long's ramsey. They showed him a token one of the "Harm's" basic, one of his own resa, and three Moors, and hand over open for Port Underwood. It was almost two months after the wreck that he set sail, but in that time he had learned that Betty was alive and well. Her wound had healed, and she had been saved from death by the wife of a chief. Now she was to be married.

The boat made the run down to Port Underwood as soon as it arrived there on June 20, 1881; eleven days later Jacky Guard was on his way again, with the three Maoris and the pony-people. That time, however, he was a passenger in the ship "Joseph Weller."

A rale, however, blew her far out into the Tarnish. The steppes gave the stampet away.

It was a burning; desperate man who landed in Sydney Cove a fortnight later. Jacky Guard, with his Maoris and his cask of powder, made threats of every shop in port. Finally the wretched Governor Roache himself

Here again his rough eloquence produced a surprising result.

He went back to the Trossachs coast with the Meants and the cask, but with him went H.M.S. "Alligator," the schooner "Isobella," and a combined force of soldiers and sailors.

Four and a half months after the  
attack of the "Harriet" he set foot  
again in the hostile village. His Harry  
and his daughter awaited him.

And then trouble broke out more. The boy was in the hands of another chief, who demanded similar ransom. It was a shrivelled Maori tribe, General however, but he was a hard man. With the condemned slaves he went to the other village. The chief sent him, apparently displaying the boy. For once the big black-boarded skipper was perturbed. The slaves had been recovered. One false move, and he would

the boy would die. That was certain.

But his own men had no such scruples. One man shot the chief, another smothered the boy and ran with him even as the Miser had done before. The result of a reduced volley signalled the opening of the first battle between British troops and Miseria. It was a massacre.

Five years later, the Black warrior had accepted the protection of the British Queen.

*And Jockey Guard himself? He went back to Terry Chayens*

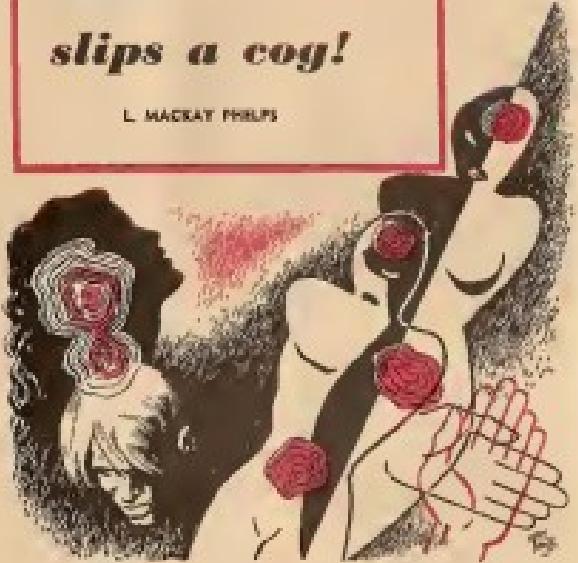
**HOUSE NUMBERS**

THE GUYS WILLIAM



# *when Nature slips a cog!*

L. MACKAT PHILIPS



The human body is perhaps the world's most intricate machine; but occasionally it's apt to become bent up.

NOT so long ago, in Tasmania, two babies were born joined together over the entire top of their heads.

The father of these little girls expressed a very natural wish when he said: "I hope doctors will operate and try to separate them; I would thank God if only one survived."

Unfortunately, it was not to be. It was decided that any operation would kill both and therefore none was performed.

Which is not an isolated case. Only a little earlier, in England, babies were born joined at the top of the skull (though they died within a few

days) . . . and many other instances can be quoted.

In fact, the story of such abnormalities stretches back over centuries.

Perhaps the most amazing hereditary two-headed human on record was Edward Mordake, an Englishman who lived to the age of 18 and then committed suicide.

The true name was not Mordake, and it is said that he was of noble blood birth, in fact, in a principe—but that he refused any contact with his family, even refusing to accept visits from them. He was wealthy, and had excellent medical attention, provided by Drs. William Trendell and R. Moore Verna.

Edward is described as having been a man of good figure, with a handsome face and keen intelligence. But on the back of his head was another face—that of a beautiful girl who was "nearly as a dream, blushing as a daffy"—Mordake's own words.

This was the fate of Mordake's own twin sister. Due to an unsupervised lip in the process of fertilization—caused perhaps by disease or use of birth control pills, drugs or poisons in the maternal bloodstream, an injury to the mother during early pregnancy, or chromosome unbalance—the twins did not develop separately, but grew actually joined together. All that developed of the upper was a face and the rudimentary brain, the face being on the outside of the rear of Mordake's skull, and the brain actually inside his skull, so that the two brains were literally in contact with each other.

The female face was released, in time, something like the face of a mosquito doll. It completed "only" a small part of the posterior part of the skull, yet exhibited every sign of intelligence, of a intelligent being, however.

Though Mordake's sister had little intelligence, she was intelligent

enough to realize that she was a monstrosity, so expanders were attached to her otherwise normal brain. Quite understandably, her sole emotion was hate, and her principal motivation a desire to torture her brother.

Thus the weird formula thus evolved and added grotesquely when Mordake was attempting to carry on a conversation, or broke down in painful sobbing. The tiny eyes watched and followed the movements of persons as they passed behind Mordake. The monster's perfectly formed lips "gibbered without meaning" under such circumstances.

Since the twin had no lungs, it was incapable of producing saddle sound. Nevertheless due to the close proximity of the two brains, there was some form of mental interplay between the writhing mass and his equally writhing, hideous sister. She talked to him constantly by direct thought-transference, often arousing him from sleep by her projected, venomous thoughts.

For years, the tortured man kept a diary, in which he recorded the strange association with his skull-imprisoned sister. He wrote of her as his "evil twin which never sleeps, but talks to me forever of such things as they only speak in hell. My imagination can visualize the dreadful temptations it sets before me. For some dangerous whidom of my forefathers I am held to this field—for a field it surely is."

To his physician, Mordake wrote, "I beg and beseech you to crush it out of human semblance, even, if I die for it."

This was impossible, for to destroy the brain of the twin would have been to destroy Mordake's own life as well. His physician, fearing a suicide attempt, kept a watchful watch over the tortured man. But in spite of all

## STATE OF THE NATION (X)

Summer is gone . . . and the Wind from the West  
 will soon be rousing each astheno chest  
 sinuses and sinews and rheumy red eyes  
 will welcome the frost with dyspeptic surges,  
 dark eyebrows will open—drought mists will sink  
 from worn nostrils in weeping, while households will shirk  
 as they breathe, waiting down on the crisp autumn air,  
 the barking sounds of cypresses And—present! . . . before?  
 soon all your poor dimples will turn to goose-pimples,  
 while nothing does offspit with nervous tipples  
 to cure their rheumatic aches-and-throes.  
 Oh, much unpredictable, is summer dead? L-L-U-V-E, come to  
 bed!

—JAY-PAT

their prosthesis, he managed to obtain a quantity of arsenic, and killed both himself and the sister-face who had hidden for 18 years as the back of his skull.

These bimphalic cases in which two heads are actually fused into one are very rare. Fortunately, most of them are born dead. A curious fact is that some like the two in Tennessee—in which two separate heads are joined by fusion of the spinal nerves—are born with relative frequency.

In Terfield, Canada, a woman gave birth to twin daughters who were joined foot-to-foot; the junction extending from the shins to the lower abdomen. These amorphous joined were recently born in Port of Spain, Trinidad. In another instance, foot-to-foot twin girls were born in Staten Island, New Jersey. They died before an operation for their separation could be performed.

Perhaps the strangest of all medical oddities is the chance of one individual from male to female or vice versa. This happens with some frequency in almost all species.

One of the most famous instances occurred at the turn of the present century. Eve Lombardo, wife of the manager of the Paris Théâtre, bore a daughter Anna, who turned into a male and changed her name to John before she reached the age of 18. Inheriting her mother's father's estate upon his death, Jerome-Jean used her beloved mother throughout the remainder of her life.

It may be that Jerome-Jean actually changed completely from one sex to the other, with certain organs developing, while others atrophied and shrunk, but it is also possible that she was a true hermaphrodite—one of those very rare individuals who have

the reproductive organs of both sexes. If so, she could have been changed to either sex she preferred—probably the sex that was more predominantly by a decision made of operations involving surgery, plastic surgery, and hormone treatments.

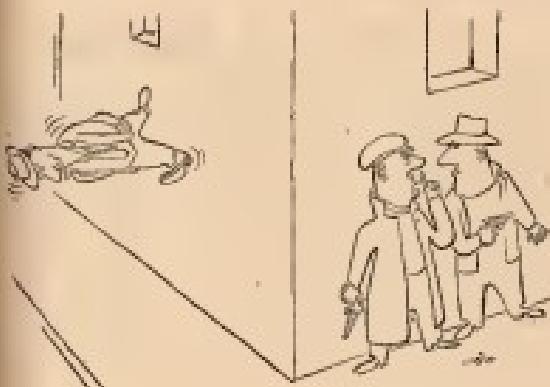
Such an operation—an orchidectomy—a previous article—was performed in New York City only recently. Its purpose was to remove female characteristics, thus "changing" a girl-boy into a boy. It consisted of removal of the external female organs by an operator known as hysterotomist, removal of the male organs to develop testes, and plastic surgery to restore external indications of femininity. The operation successfully required two weeks. This followed a period of several months, during which the individual, identified only as Roberta, developed masculine characteristics.

Since because of the greatly minimized flow of male hormones and the disappearance of female hormones secretion due to removal of the female glands.

The operation to transform Jerome-Jean into a girl is similar, only that it is reversed.

Incredibly, the New York Jerome-Jean above mentioned subsequently married a charming young woman and is enjoying a perfectly normal and happy married life.

The above rarely involves the surface of a tremendous salient. It should be sufficient to give the reader a feeling of one in the presence of the basic mystery of life itself, and it should tend to dislodge him from over fastidious rigidity—or anything other than the deepest sympathy—when confronted by one of these distorted fellow-creatures.





Sampson's Delilah was a tantalizing hobby-horse  
compared with Tarasov's own exotic Tarasovian

WALKER HEMBY

# DELILAH . . . . . plus several Sampsons

If the stories Professor had had of those dapper Creoleons Maria Tarasovka (noted of the distance Delilah), they would probably have succeeded in classifying the entire Tolles of home . . . not just one single, ordinary Sampson.

The daughter of a Russian count with the somewhat surprising name of O'Hourke, Maria was still in her teens when she began to entice her male acquaintances.

Especially sedent were no less than a Prince, a Baron and a Count Tarasov.

"You can pick between the Prince and the Baron," advised old Count

Tarasov . . . with the wisdom of age: "Oh, I'd simply l-o-v-e to be a Princess," drooled Maria gleefully, and promptly clapped with the Count.

Count Tarasovka rapidly set out to prove himself everything which could not possibly be indicated in my Maiden's Prayer. Before long he was drinking, gambling, brawling with light ladies, and continuously harrassing Maria alone at night (except for those brief periods necessary to provide her with two children).

Any lesser woman would have sat down and fainted, but not Maria. She took swift stock of her meagre credit (mentioning) and allowed her eyes to

light on her husband's brother, young Peter Tarasov.

As a potential cashholder of certain household, Peter went to a court observer here assigned for his task in the Alaska-Bar Department. According to a nomenclature, he was "a queer, vivacious youth with a sexual reversion for women."

Yet in less time than it takes to learn What-Ever-Young-Man-Should-Know, Peter was escorting Maria to the grandiose clip-pegs in her hometown of Kiev.

Naturally, it had to happen. On one of her more festive nights-out, Maria met her husband Count Tarasovka (recognised his wife, recognised his brother, was smitten by wild spasms of jealousy, and turned housekeeper—a presently adulated Head of the House).

Which was clearly Maria's way to gain opportunity (and her husband) in a basement-lock and settle down to a long and happy life as a Domestic Tyrant.

It was a pleasing prospect, but unfortunately beyond Maria's power to make. Apparently she had not only acquired Peter, she had also accumulated officers-of-the-Guards, doctors, and servants and more servants.

Under the circumstances, it is not astonishing that Count Tarasovka's infatuation gradually developed into a mania. The disease came one morning at breakfast. The Count was handled a toleman. He raised entire, opened the measure, read it and recited a creed.

"Look at this! Look at that!" he gibbered, hurling the paper to Maria.

Maria looked at it. "Peter housed himself this morning," it reported.

"What a foolish boy!" commented Maria, mildly reproving, and upon dressed herself to her bestian.

Count Tarasovka slumped, weeping

out of the house. After an interval, Maria placidly released him. Next day, Count Tarasovka—the now pale-faced—walked back into the house. Once more Maria followed him . . . well pleased and accompanied by a cello, Alcina Rosinay.

With the assistance of M. Borsenky, even Maria's Royal Flynn may take a final bow. M. Borsenky was (we quote) "one of those men who look and act like a bear in matadorine. He was tall, with a swarthy face, an immovable expression and a voicebox which threatened man and women alike."

For some obscure reason however, he failed to hippocrene Count Tarasovka. That worthy exhibited his wolfish character to a such mounting and producing a reverberated darkly: "Well, until the master here and now."

M. Borsenky . . . with adroitly preposed of mind . . . did.

Less than a week later, Count Tarasovka marched into Kiev Station and announced: "I found Alcina Rosinay with my wife at the Grand Hotel. I shot her dead."

Luckily for Alcina, the Count was only half-right. He had certainly shot his rival, but M. Borsenky was by no means dead.

Without wife, son, Maria deserted home, husband and children and returned to her. She stayed there for days.

In her open moment (presumably when the bed talker her patient as consolation) she also entered in conversation with a Dr Sizik. "A pale and weak-looking man, obviously the victim of drugs," said? "Damples for perhaps because off Maria's pernicious influence, M. Borsenky suffered a sudden relapse and expired. The Kiev gendarmes compiled the sad-book of Count Tarasovka's notorious relations and briefly released him.

These past three years, you have seen Latest Theory of GI development is that the more he-men, Daddy is in the more likely he will father boy babies. And vice versa. Therefore The action of boy babies to girl babies is controlled by the genes working through the endocrine gland system, especially the sex hormones. Thus hermaphrodites (such as gout and Graves' disease) have more men than the average number of female offspring.

without a stain on his character. More health dashed off into the country to PLENCHEF — leaving Dr. Stahl alone with his 10 cases. As a cure, Dr. Stahl prescribed a short regimen of sleep and a little light tobacco-chewing.

The ebony articulate couple have exchanged exclusively if Maria had not been pleased to discover that she was short of cash. But Maria was nothing if not a girl who knew all the answers.

The answer to this particular question seemed to be Moses Doner Friedland, a Moysean lawyer, who was "an old friend" and "extraordinarily wealthy."

Major early confirmed a "thrust" associated with the Laramie.

It must have been an attractive epithet. To Mr. Prelatiss, Moses was "Moli Marconi", he was lovingly known to her by the affectionate nickname of "The Sparrow". Dr. Stahl faded deliberately out of the picture, to be recalled only occasionally when Moses was required secretly about the business of her economical absence.

"Oh, he shot himself through the heart, I believe," replied Mr. Prichard.

The happy couple wandered through Europe—posturing country like no man's world until they reached Venice. Here, however, M. Pankoff was summoned urgently back to Russia . . . "an important business" (as he said). At a loss and Marie was destined to the introduction to Count Paul Kamenovitch, a wealthy Czarist who was—well—"very wealthy."

The Colonel was blithely bank-  
rolling himself by paying Manz's  
debts while M. Pritchard was further  
obliged to disclose what his "superior  
position" had been. M. Pritchard con-  
fessed that he had not only lost every  
credible fee he could get, also stolen  
\$10,000 from his clients.

The tactical position was—an military antecedent set—"dynamic." M. Pravilak had proposed marriage to Marie and had been accepted; so had the Colonel. And Count Tiszaev had recently complicated matters by divorcing him thus leaving her helpless between M. Pravilak, Count Somogyi and the others. For a snapshot of Marie's culture, there was only one solution. She got herself with relative ease twenty-year-old Tolstoy Novikoff.

The puppets being assembled, Maria moved slowly to pull strings. The subsequent performance was spectacular. Alice lived in the faith that she would someday introduce him into some sort of theatrical endeavor, began by informing M. Prud'homme that the Colonel was persuading her for an early marriage. Prud'homme reacted ... but not like Mr. Marie might have predicted. He was not conditioned first spiritually enough! As he had decided that he could personally eat the Colonel's heart without then let him visit Marie,

I was sure that no marriage ceremony would be performed. You know that the Colver might be turned into a solid defense between us and poverty. He presented Maria as a counter-claim.

It was quite simple, he pointed out. She had merely to persuade the Colonel to insure himself for \$25,000 and then present him to die—with her, at the dinner—a sum would be handed to her, she would tell it. Sheh pointed (she was known to have the art of turning blouses on and off like an electric light), and announced that "a well-known Boston priest" had offered to settle his fortune on her if she would wed him. The Colonel (the Professor himself) would naturally accept.

And it proved just as Mr. Pribakoff had suspected. Above had the Colonel's name, his rank, dated with his name, liberally, admitted All. — And next day General himself had the legal services of the Colonel's whole tribe. Mr. Pribakoff rubbed his hands ap-  
petitively and easily got down to business.

With her customary ability, Maria sets up the answer.  
What they wanted, she disclosed  
as an *Anasazi*. But what *Anasazi*?  
Well, what about young *Wichita*  
*Warrior*? Who, more bitter? And  
would Maria connect himself? She only  
would.

With truly feminine anxiety, Maria selected her bonnet for the interview. There she descended the long staircase by collapsing on his chest "A man was threatening her," he added breathlessly. Maria almost broke a nail overjoyed. "Show me the intruder and I'll take him apart," he insisted. Maria shamed him.

He burst, unresisted, into the Colored bed-room. "Come in," requested the Colored unresistably, lifting his head from the pillow.

young. Methane, released by chewing, is volatile and irritating but ingested only several times in the stomach. "Why did you do that?" asked Dr. Johnson . . . with some justification and then he watercressed all fiction by adding his own twist to it.

It was a magnificently quiescent gathering, but it was also completely futile. The unscrupulous Maria had got into new suspicion from herself by making a small noise to the police, incriminating Melchior. When Melchior returned from the Colonist's apartment, the neighbors were waiting. Presented with the note Melchior was surprised to recognize Maria. Maria seemed to have been by incriminating the husband. M. Faligari. After a few weeks' absence, the Colonist started again without a stopping place.

On May 16, 1870, a Venetian jury found the Colonel's three play-actors guilty "with a rider to the effect that Marni and Nicholae "were victims of perjured medical witness."



## THE END OF *Arguments*



#### With a Few More

Heistie, heistie, you amateur astronomer! Don't be pretentious. Actually, the "weirdest moon" is Nereid, a faint satellite of the planet Neptune. The "weirdest" was picked up two years ago with the 82-inch reflecting telescope at McDonald Observatory, Texas (U.S.A.). Nereid has been photographed on numerous nights. Findings reveal that it takes almost a year to travel around Neptune, but its path is elongated like a football. Three times as long as it is wide, with Neptune near one end.

**Boss Lightfoot Strikes Twice in The  
Stage Play!**

The answer is "Yes." Lightnings almost always strike twice in the same place, and sometimes as near as forty miles, apart. Weather Bureau's U.S.A. engineers, who have studied lightning for 30 years, say: To the human eye, however, most repetitive strikes look like single flashes because they are spaced only thousands of tenths of a second apart. But sometimes the separate strokes actually can be seen. The first discharge sets up a "lightning channel" between clouds and earth, then others a lightning path from earth back to the cloud (the "return streamer"). Once the original channel is set up, and number of charge sources is

the shrubs may send their barks down to earth.

How do You Spell a Rose that Smells Like a Skunk?

Now don't bark. This is a subtle one. Actually, nobody knows for sure. According to Von Glas University, however, whatever you may have given off is a gas that reacts best of certain neurotoxins given off within the nose. The nose detects this loss of heat and sends it to the brain, which interprets it as a sensation of odour. Earlier theories held that odour is a cleaned sense, caused by aromatic particles leaving the nose and going into solution in the moist upper bronchial tubes.

De Gruyter Open

Quiet, quiet you fellow dentists, the matter has not yet been decided. Reports have always been current of fallen doxenies of the cat world who are supposed to delight in hunting their victims in a frantic manner of leap or pounce. We are not certain unless the source of such has been exploded with a dollop of gins but how much of these anecdotes are true is unpredictable. Tests recently undertaken in the United States, however, suggest that these tipping tables are inaccurate. Experiments reveal that normal cats ordinarily will not touch anything spiked with alcohol. Neatness can, on the other hand, show a marked preference for alcohol drinks.

*it's all* -----  
**STITCHED UP**





And there you have it. Take a peek, perhaps, at the Shape-of-Things-to-Come. Oscar-inspiration guaranteed. That is . . . It's the Future City! Her! and the Dad That was so busy in his in the sand, as far as were concerned. Still, if she had the eastern winds beginning to blow a little wildishly, she can always come under our protection, the honey we have

Just the same, you can't expect any woman to come herself with just one screw-and one pull! . . . Fresh the best curtains today, after the poor blimblim! . . . and here you have a glimpse of a second production from that wretched newsg-magazine. Has ever been so strange here? . . . Run off, you skunk! No! Not Right Ick . . . right off the page! What! Wait . . . And Eyes Right! And Right again. Now wasn't it worth a

# COPRA COMMANDO

A white worker from Denmark was more than a match for the shark-toothed brown Vikings of the Southern Seas



CLEM LACK

AMONG the islands of the Bismarck Archipelago, off the north-eastern coast of New Guinea, are the seventeen islands of the Birrit Group, 70 miles south of the Equator. Once the past half century they have at various times been visited by reveal colonists. But in the days when Gold Rush and other Pacific adventurers and blackbirders roamed the Pacific,

the Birrits were always given a wide berth, for these islanders were the most ferocious warriors.

Like the untrained warriors of the Torres Strait aborigines, they were a race of raw savagery, head-hunters and cannibals.

Still, the Birrit Islands were wealthy in copra, and the expense of

whaling over the shores was rich with possibilities.

In the eighteen, the big Norwegian trading firm of Hirschmann and Co. at Rabaul was especially anxious to obtain a factory on the Birrits, but when one of Hirschmann's agents and his ship's crew were massacred by the Birrit savages in 1888, the Germans were left in comparative silence for a few more years. Then, in 1897, Hirschmann sent a well armed party to the islands. There, however, were greeted by a horde of savages. The party quickly scattered.

Hirschmann at last decided to enlist the aid of one of the detailed adventurers who scoured the South Seas.

The man they selected was Fred Gottsch, a Danish South Sea trader. Gottsch (or Leonard, as he was better known in the Solomons, New Ireland and other regions of the Pacific) was not least fond of fight.

Gottsch recruited for him and one of the most remarkable "commandos" ever assembled on any enterprise, lawful or unlawful. The members of his band were hell-bent savages from the Solomons—Macassars and Melanesians—warriors with scarred faces . . . men expert in death.

Late one night, a small submarine drifted in towards the largest island of the Birrits. On modified oars and passed through, the ship's boats landed silently in the sandy beach and unloaded their cargo of weapons.

Gottsch was the only white man among that band of seventy savages, but he knew how to handle them. At a command word, they all lit their matches behind him as he paddled through the tall grass and coconut palms towards the fire of the village on the crest of the hill. In a charge of pain, a spear flew from the village. Gottsch stood white as an ox, crouched behind his shield clutching their war clubs.

The violent whine of a flying club

whistled over his head. Dark shapes leaped at him and his men from the shadows. They made no outcry but came on silently as ghosts.

Gottsch leaped forward, simultaneously disconcerting the savages.

The Danes had about him with bare-neck fury, swinging his rifle like a club. He leveled the stock over the savages until he cracked. One of his men came forward for their lives, and a series of deadly clubs raged.

Throwing away the smashed pieces of his Winchester, Gottsch snatched the barrel. With short-handled gun, he struck at a tall figure. A plowing blow from a club felled his left arm, but he still chopped furiously with all the strength of his right arm at his opponent's head. The man's neck snapped like a canary.

At last had the surviving Birrit savages fled into the scrub. Gottsch's left arm was broken; he was bruised and gashed to a score of places, more than a third of his men had been killed, another third had suffered wounds of varying seriousness.

When the sun rose, Gottsch recruited the Indians out of the scrub. Those who refused to return were impaled on the barbs. All organized resistance broken, Gottsch held a parley with the village chief.

He established his trading post and went back to Rabaul to report his mission accomplished. There he returned to take over management of the station, keeping his black Indians as a sort of Praetorian guard to ensure that the new regime obtained protection.

He settled down, taking unto himself three native wives. In 1910 he was officially recognized by the German authorities as the chief of the tribe. He was still ruling his island kingdom when Australian expeditionary forces invaded German New Guinea during the First World War. It is believed he died about twenty years ago.

# Crime Capsules



## A REAL HARPIE . . .

Twenty-four-year-old Joseph Walsh, New York perfumier, at his own and all points thereafter, had the misfortune of the day before yesterday—until they give me a law. Fortunately it was Joseph's sprightly habit to leave a prospective customer's shopping basket and book, then he would make out to himself a charge on his prospective pay, which he would persuade some less-trusted merchant to make. Business prospered amazingly and Joseph accumulated a voracious selection of charges ranging from drossery and perfume visitors to several thousand. Gerterman was astounded moreover when Joseph happened to trip down Fifth Street, leaving his one open for business. Detective Schenck took one passing glance and quickly arrested him. Asked to explain the reason for his initiative, Christopher Schenck explained: "He had too much over . . . they stank out too far, and they were too big; moreover, they were m-fifled at their tops—our records said that."

## COOL CALM AND . . .

New York passers-by recently imagined to observe two young men methodically loading cases, each packed with \$100 worth of cosmetics, into a car outside the Belgian Candy Company. Unfortunately, the平安者 flushed their job and drove off with twelve cases loaded with \$8 to \$9

cents and \$300 to \$300 pieces. The crowd drifted on. What none of them knew was that the two laborers had previously threatened to shoot the company manager, Nathan Gordon, and had left his head up cracked.

## ON THE BALL

Baseball is generally believed to have a hazy and sympathetic home in Brooklyn (U.S.A.). This theory, however, was recently blazed by George Nelson and Paul Weston of the local condemnedmen. According to court records, the patrolmen had pointed to the vicinity of the Thomas Yawanda, who . . . in the center of a group of spectators . . . was managing a baseball and then tossing it up in a second-story window. There, the pitcher's brother, Arthur Yawanda, would perch on a fireman's net and snare the spherical like a pair of enraged vipers; the gentleman clashed in on Thomas, who fled upstairs to his brother's apartment. In the subsequent hand-to-hand, Thomas was sent to hospital and Arthur to a cell. Later in evidence, Gerterman, Nelson and Weston swore that Thomas had been stuffing money and lottery slips into the bag for delivery to his illegal bookmaker brother. "Ha," commented Magistrate Hartman. "Now who says Brooklyn boys play ball with gamblers?" So one did.

Opposite: Study by BARRY LOUDEN



There was magic, romance and murder in the African moon.



I NOTICED HER THERE AT THE TABLE, TOSSED A WORD TO

IT didn't look much. Just a half mile of sandy street with a row of dusty, broken down houses down the center. I crossed slowly, looking for a hotel. There was a building on the right, two-story, with a balcony around the top floor. I crossed across the road and pulled up.

The front porch in front of the building was paved. On it were three round tables and an odd assortment of cans

chairs all of them full. Glasses of whisky-looking beer were on the tables. I spoke to the nearest man, a fat black in a stained grey shirt and grey-white trousers.

"Morning. Is there a hotel?"

He shook his head slowly and waved me through a double doorway. I went in slowly—because after the bright Moonlight night I couldn't



# Jeba Story

RICHARD CASSELL • FICTION

A NOISESOME OLD CROOK WHO DIDN'T SEEM TO LIKE ME

see much of the dark interior.

There was a bar counter by one wall, behind it was a thin young girl with a patch of black fur under her nose. He jabbered something.

"You looking for a hotel?" I told her. The smile went out like a dying candle.

"Hotel? Hotel?"  
Hell, what's Portuguese for hotel? I

pointed to myself and said "English."

He could understand that. He sat down behind the bar and motioned me to follow him. He stopped at a tiny office. Richard a cluttered desk and a little fat man with a mustache stared at me. He invited me to the barman's corner.

"You are English?"  
I nodded. "You looking for a hotel?"  
"This is a hotel. Upstairs. You want

When a barren from the  
people rooms he finds the  
city gone.  
Don't let his bones blight you;  
don't situate in silent shade  
As he becomes how all and sun-  
dry fall to his unavailing arm.  
Let him bring about the day  
quarrel, you can judge a  
shorter-class.  
Then the jungle of the city,  
underneath, is just the  
trees...  
All the time there has, one  
benton  
AND the women always  
dare.

JAY-PAT

to stay in our sideways?"

"You. Two does."

He sat down again and waved his hand at the only other chair. When I was in it, he confided: "We don't get many English people here in John. They all stay in Lawrence Marques and play at the Casino."

In other words, what was I doing in the place?

I told him that if the little daughter "Noba"—which ran between Durban and Lawrence Marques—had retained her health, I wouldn't have come near the village.

I'd seen the ship as I came up the street. She was tied to a tilted wooden Jetty, the angry Limpopo under her.

He absorbed my explanation carefully.

Then he said: "There is one thing I am going away tonight and will be every few days. So I will not see you again before you leave."

I took out my wallet.

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"Ah, yes," he said, "and also there is no other European in the village who can speak English. So when you want anything you will have to call for Elisa. ELIAS!"

An answering shout and a screen door banged. Elisa padded in, bare black feet slapping on the cement floor.

"Elisa speaks enough English."

He turned to the boy: "Elisa, this boy is English. No compreender Portuguese."

"Yes, boss."

"You must look after him well."

When I got to my room Elisa was there, opening the window.

"Elisa."

"Boss?"

"What's Portuguese for beer?"

"Beer! And The beer must ask for  
money!"

"Good. Bring me some beer."

\* \* \*

I noticed her at once as she entered the dining room. She was tall, rather dark. Almost the dark. But she had all the bumptiousness in the right places, and she walked the way I like there to walk—head up, chest out, confident.

The companion at table was a notorious old crook who now and then used an odd word as though she were spitting over pincushions. It seemed as though she didn't like me.

After dinner, there was a long report to write. I worked at it until about ten, when there was a knock on my door. I opened it. Tali and Elisa were there. She walked in and Elisa closed the doorway.

She looked at me and spoke to Elisa. "The master wants to know if the house wants anything." He said.

I looked at her and said to Elisa: "Tell the master that I have everything but, if I had some rum beer I'd offer her a drink."

She answered, he disappeared. She sat on the bed, moving aside some of my papers to make room. Then Elisa was back again, with a load of footed bottles. He put them on the table and stood at the doorway.

"Boss, this comes..."

She shot him up quick. He backed out. I passed two beers and handed her one. I picked up my best:

"Luck," I said.

"Thanks!"

After that, we planned to a few things and swapped names, but my heart wasn't in it.

Then there was another knock on the door. She pushed me back, opened the door a little way and spoke through the gap.

I could hear a man's voice from outside—grunting, anguish threatening. Then suddenly a male hand grabbed her wrist and pulled her outside.

When I got to the door he was trying to drag her down the corridor and the look she gave me would have encouraged a mouse to spit at him. I knocked her hand away. He turned and snarled at me with his other hand. It held a spanker, three feet of leather-tipped switch that rattled at me as a pistol.

I snatched Quinceberry's rules and drove him my knee and then a good right hand. When I stepped towards him, he snarled at his feet and stumbled off down the passage, his forty sandwiches spilling on the polished floor.

She was sitting on the bed in my room, her blouse pulled to one side. All was quiet except the steady hum of the generator which supplied light.

That cut out about eleven o'clock.

\* \* \*

When I awoke it was almost light, she was standing at the foot of the bed. She came and kissed me—lightly—before she went to the door. I was almost asleep again by the time

a bald-faced Indian had scurrying back. So, for a moment, I was not sure that the sun was red. It scurried me outside to have a shaggy ignorant dog door and scattering chips down it. As I opened the door she came with it. Her blouse was stained and a dark smudge flowed from her nose.

Then I seized the cane standing over her. The manager. In his hand was a long kitchen knife with a serrated blade. He dropped the knife and rubbed his face with both hands.

He moved past me into my room, dragging carelessly over the figures on the floor. "All right English! I'll kill him and send."

"My wife has been with another man. All the village knew who he was, but no-one would tell me. And she touched about it. Today I began to worry. All the day while I was driving the vampires over there, and I got very angry. So I came back to beat her and find out who he was."

"When I got to my room she was not there. I went to the room of my mother, who sits with my wife at the dining table. My mother told me that my wife had been asking about you."

Brightly. In my room and in no mood! I could now fit in the cross and my sister. And I could guess who Elisa had been going to tell when she shot him up.

"So I have been writing outside your door since Four hours. And I get her."

He looked at his hands and they seemed to unbalance him.

"I do not know you, Sasee. She was pretty... and you would not know she was married."

He was silent a moment then.

"Where do you live?"

"Today," I said.

"Good. Go now. You can be across the border at Rorke's Drift by dawn. You can go to need by any road here. You might need my story."

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# cry of a cat

ALAN F. VENESS

\*  
FICTION

On the fifth night, he saw the cat—an ugly black creature, a come-hithering across the lawn.

SHE WAS A CRANK AND A PERSISTENT ONE, HE THOUGHT; BUT WAS THAT ALL SHE WAS?



MY friend, Tom Purdie, is by no means an emotional man. So when, on successive evenings, he exploded into veritable outbursts of temper—directed they no reason that I could find—at his middle-aged son, I was to say the least, surprised.

And when he ended up in a fit of all "drunken," I was shocked.

On the second night, I eventually got him sober,

"You wouldn't believe me, David," was all he would say at first . . . and he spent the longest moments of my life gazing into the fire. How long that would have gone on, I have no idea, but suddenly there was the persistent "knock" of a roving cat. Purdie leapt from his chair at the sound, stood trembling, staring at the half-closed window.

"What on earth's the matter, now?" I asked. "Sweep out of it! That was only a cat. Surely you don't expect it to jump through the window and eat you?"

He sat down again, limply. His face was grey, but eyes darker, the pupil's dilated. I made a hasty sketchy impression of an aged man desperately ill. When he spoke however, he appeared to have won a battle within himself.

"Have you any brandy, David?" he asked. "I need a drop—badly."

I brought him a fairly stiff measure which he gulped. Presently he was calmer and spoke in a steady voice.

"David," he said. "I don't expect you to doubt me when I say I was not drunk when what I'm going to tell you about happened. I wasn't. Tonight is the first time I've been drunk for goodness knows how long. I wish I had been 'locked' all last week. Then I could have shov'd the whole thing aside and forgot it."

"I hope to Heaven you can give me an explanation of it that will leave nothing to doubt. But I don't think

America's newest "Gidget Princess" is three-year-old Dorothy Deen who lives literally surrounded with thousands of pedigree Shih-tzu dogs in a garage-bred, she sits upon a pedestal-table. Her toys include: A massive pink ceramic candlestick holding home, a four-and-a-half-foot, and a hand-painted pot which she pushes vigorously through her pedigreed house. And how has the mastermind of all these canine playthings? Simple. Poppa and Mommie Deen run the "Gidget-of-the-Month" Club. Manufacturers send them new products, the proud parents try them out on Dorothy, if she responds enthusiastically, it's a cash

you win. — His voice faded away.  
He was right. I can still find no explanation that is at all satisfactory. We were, I believe, will you

When the train had dragged itself, like a caterpillar, westward by sections from the platform and gathered speed, Purdie settled back in his seat, making a shrewd inspection of his traveling companion. She was a tall, slenderly woman who had, he surmised, recently celebrated her twenty-fifth year.

He surveyed "Good-looking" and gave his attention to her newspaper. It was a matter of oddly uneasy coincidence before he felt her eyes bore his that he heard her suffering to herself as she watched the shifting scenes of the passing landscape.

Purdie was a theorist man; when a man is reading newspapers, every sentence was perused and considered, every expression of opinion as the editorial was given careful attention and accepted or rejected before he passed on to the next.

He was musing on the implications of stories breaking when he felt low-passenger leave through his quiet mood with an abrupt question:

"Young man," she looked slightly forward, drew out and peered at him, "are you prepared for the Hereafter?"

"Huh?" Purdie sat up sharply, staring blankly at her.

The woman snuffed her cigarette. "The thought shocks you," she decided.

Her voice was suddenly anti-climactic which added to Purdie's surprise, for he had imagined it would be harsh sarcasm. Yet it was not a pleasant sarcasm. He remarked reflectively afterwards, he found himself thinking that a guitar-verb is also soft when one walks into it at darkness.

"Young man," she darted the words at him, "you are not prepared for death."

Purdie gulped, suddenly convinced that he was in the macabre company of a living. Moreover, being a rather middle thirty-four and the father of two children, he was induced to resent the term "young man."

"Mehuh," he said, softly. "I am as prepared for death as any man of my age. No more, no less. What's more, I died death a distasteful topic of conversation."

He returned his attention to the newspaper—but she was not so easily dismissed.

"Disrespectful, indeed?" she accused.  
"You are a moral expert?"

"Huh?" Purdie responded indifferently. "Mehuh, will you please?"

"A moral expert?" she sang on.  
"How you examined your soul? How  
you rejected the evil that has surrounded  
you? Can you face the Inquisition of  
the Spirits?"

Purdie stared at her wide-eyed.  
"What the devil," he demanded at last, "are you talking about?"

"Huh?" she shrieked. "You are not  
wiser of the Inquisition of the Spirits?  
You do not know that the Devil will  
use you to test your fitness for a  
High Place in the Other World? You  
do not know that the determined  
would question you. You cannot  
lie to them, you know. You must, de-  
cure them. They read your soul. You  
cannot cheat them. They cannot be  
fooled and like a newspaper because  
you do not wish to consider the in-  
carnate they bring."

Purdie felt an unpleasant prickling along his spine.

"They will come to you without  
warning," she told him, hands clenched  
tightly in her lap. "They will come  
in with a feeling of such loneliness  
that you will say your best here is  
there in dispersion. You will be  
judged there—condemned or accepted.  
Are you afraid of the alternatives,  
young man?"

This instant seemed to break suddenly. Purdie laughed. The woman's eyes blazed but she had, in the space of a moment, become a ridiculous figure. Purdie continued to laugh.

"Not a bit," he answered her. "I would something a little more factual  
than your hypnotic agents to frighten me!"

"Huh?" she snarled. "You know the  
Spirit World?"

"Of course. There is death, obviously.  
There is the grave or rebirthness—

—I'm not sure which—and Heaven  
and Hell etc."

She closed her lips tightly. Then  
peaked, uncomfortably. Purdie contin-  
ued to examine the clustering of the  
wheel—spokes which detailed Purdie's skewed consciousness on the  
newspaper and tested card—a never-  
grinding halt at a station.

The woman gathered up her suit-  
case, her brown-paper parcel, put  
it, stiffly, between her head and nose to  
her left. She turned towards him as  
she opened the door.

"Young man," he said, with strange  
childlike, "one day soon you are going  
to learn about the Spirits."

Before Purdie could reply, she had  
perched the door shut and disappeared  
down the platform.

He sheathed the knife from his  
hand and carefully folded his news-  
paper, but a sliver of sharp pricked  
at him.

\* \* \*

It was four days later that Purdie received the letter.

It was frail, thin and framed by  
written at a time forward-sloping  
character. Despite the look of necess-  
arily it held, Purdie knew that no  
other ever a woman—perhaps the  
woman of the text.

"So," declared the letter, "They  
say come as infinite Good or as  
infinite Evil. Your soul will be  
scrubbed the good and evil it con-  
tains will be weighed."

"I feel your time is at hand. I  
will use my powers to hypnotize  
you yourself. Please see  
Purdie yourself. The Instructors  
of the Spirit World will accept  
—or something that is neither  
Purdie yourself."

There was no signature. — Purdie  
managed to laugh as he put the letter  
in the pocket of his trousers.

"We may be a crack," he mused, "but we're certainly a persistent one."

Pardee drifted off to sleep. It was a quiet and peaceful night. Stars twinkled in the pitch of blue-black sky visible through the half-open window; moonlight softened the gloom of his bedroom. Nothing stirred . . .

He moved slightly, heaving a little heavier at a noise of train wheels. Yawning, drowsed thoughts faded, a picture emanated . . . Across the sweeping compartments the Whippet lunged at their challenge of unadulterated ferocity.

"All alone with a mob of spooks." He spoke aloud. The words met the soundless-bored air of the sky and returned. He rebuked them, "All alone with a mob of spooks . . ."

Then the whole of eternity was centred in a pair of watch-grey eyes all around was a soft, hankering voice and chirping woods. "You are going to

learn about the spirits. You will be very sorry . . . You are going to learn about the spirits . . ."

From the wall of sleep, his mind struggled to slow wakefulness. There was something unaccountable, terrible it was in the atmosphere.

The sound crept into his hearing . . . it seemed part of the very air. A voice, monotone, frighteningly clear . . . "I wandered lonely as a cloud . . ." A vision of an unusual face at the window, not placidly at home, or angelic, real or otherwise. Pardee awoke, rigid, his limbs held . . .

He forced unwilling legs to take him to the window. His eyes searched the room, the vicinity of the window, the garden below and finally the sky . . . Blue speckled the black-blue expanse, beneath which softness stirred nor disturbed the quiet. A wisp of fleecy cloud filtered the cold brilliance of the moon . . . Ingleton upon his

name were the incisive words "I wandered lonely as a cloud . . ."

For three more nights, Pardee listened to the soft, meditative words abounding his nerves. Each night he discerned the same drama, wider in the same manner, went to the window . . . and saw nothing unusual.

But on the fifth night he saw a red.

An ugly black creature, it padded across the lawn through the moonlight. Pardee observed at its soft, moist mouthed lips shaggy-haired ears. It, too, seemed lonely as a cloud . . .

The remainder of that night was for Pardee a torment of watch-fires at one moment; then the soft, insistent voice repeating that single line of verse. He was alone on a wet grass, huddled on an insatiable earth. He was alone in an infinity of sky, chattering at a solitary cloud . . . and still the repetitive voice persisted. "I wandered lonely as a cloud . . ."

Sometime Pardee awoke during the following day. He dozed alone, struggling to read the newspaper in a corner of the lounge and, disinterested, went to bed.

The weather had not changed. Sky, moon and stars revealed their loneliness as before, there was the most stillness. Before slumber cuts the bed he took from his bureau a folded revolver (a favorite delinquent possession of his because of its representative of a fleet of firearms) which he placed under his pillow. Almost upon the instant that sleep came to him, the whisks of the train again prodded across his mind and the watched sequence of events resumed . . .

Once upon the visage of the snarled face—but now it was followed by a cascade of crimson teethless. In panic, Pardee snatched up the pistol and rushed to the window, hanging the



A WARNING OF THE  
DEFICIENCIES  
OF FEMALE EDUCATION.

She told her mother taught her, of course, "for her own good"; what to do with men who didn't treat a lady as they should'; the like, no doubt, was悉く  
left, but—unluckily—a poor kid, her mother didn't teach her what to do with men who did.

JAY-PAY

moment waked again, peering frantically about the room.

In the centre of the moon-washed room was the set, squatting in ordinary ease, looking at him, mat-eyes eyes unblinking, magnetized by the clear no-blushing beauty and grace.

Purdy sensed the pain and twice drew open the trap. A shrill shriek of death-pain robbed him of his last memory of reason.

He layed deep the window and crawled across the floor, among the last, overcurled tresses shone the animal's body where it writhed into the shadow of a tree. As he crawled over the body it was not a cat he seemed to see, but the body of a withered vine whose mat-glow eyes glared at him through death.

With more wild, impulsive desire to wrench the body overwhelming his columns, he put his arms beneath it and lifted. He came upright, almost screaming in the hysterics of the fear which knotted every nerve and organ of his body as dust whisked from his right hand. There was no longer a body.

"Believe me, Dashi," Purdie said, sipping another drink. "I don't know what I did for the rest of that night."

"And what?" I asked. "Supposed next morning?"

"I came out to the breakfast room feeling as if I could never eat anything again," Purdie replied, looking at me rather smugly. "The manager of the place came up to me and said Harry you had such a bad night last night, Mr. Purdie?"

"I exclaimed, 'How—?'

"'Oh, we were all kept awake by that continual cat. I had it burned first thing this morning. Smoky-looking black kitty it was—ugly as sin!'"

We cracked fits a minute or two, then Purdie.

"I caught the racing train home I was in a sweat of fear until we'd passed several stations that the old woman would board the train and pounce on me again. I was mighty glad when a very talkative salesman entered the compartment and talked without a pause for the rest of the trip.... I don't ever want to be alone again so long as I live."

"Don't blame you," I said sympathetically. "And that's why you went to peace when your wife was visiting that sick relative?"

"Yes. She took the passenger, of course, and stayed a couple of days." He got up and went to the window.

"Must have all been bad dreams, I suppose," he said, over his shoulder.

He smiled a wry smile.

"Do you know what caused my here-up over the boy?" he asked in the end. I shook my head.

He refilled his glass, looked at me over the rim.

"Very after dinner, the evening I arrived home, the lad wanted to tell me the latest thing he had learned at school. When I listened he began reciting:

"'I wondered lonely as a cloud . . .'



"Well, I guess I'd better be going now; sorry to break the party up this way!"

# "HOME COOKIN'

WAFFLE IRONED BY GIBSON



Gibson

# STRANGER and Strangers



## ANTI-ATOM GLASS . . .

A bullet-proof glass window for atom-bomb explosions has been announced by the Pittsburgh Glass Plate Glass Company. It is a "sandwich-glass," like an inflexible wood-shield. The outside is a solid sheet of glass; the sandwich is a layer of plastic bonded by inner glass. Both the plastic and the inner glass are divided into four sections, superimposed, and set in the window so that their edges form a big X. When the atomic-explosion shatters the front glass, the plastic and these glass stop the flying pieces and then hold inward before they can break. It is claimed that these windows have survived blast-explosions stronger than the Hiroshima bomb at one mile, while regular windows were shattered, so badly that large pieces were blown 30 feet inward.

## DRIVE NEW WORLD

The day may well come in the future when a enormous masking of individualized events of racial, by means of chemistry will prevent "problems of racial friction," predicts Sir Cyril Hinshelwood, Oxford professor of chemistry and Foreign secretary of the British Royal Society. He claims that "as physiology advances and as the selection of elements in cell and tissue division itself, it may be possible by deep-seated chemical intervention to change processes which today are per-

sonally reprehensible." He also points out that chemically-induced hereditary changes in human cells are already known "to a crude degree" and that the influence of drugs on personality is already giving concern to law and science.

## LOTUS LAND . . .

When two lotus seeds sprouted and began putting out leaves, no one was more surprised than Dr. George W. Headard, of Washington (U.S.). The young plants looked quite normal, but the seeds (collected by Japanese tourist Ichiro Ogata) had been picked out of a Manhattan post office and are claimed to be more than 50,000 years old. Dr. Headard is now waiting hopefully for the plants to blossom. To learn just what type of orchid did Headard let that many past

## BLOOD RAIN . . .

Believe it or not, in northern Puerto Rico and the Balkans the rain that falls is sometimes red like blood. Purified patients are now being measured that the phenomenon has been explored. Current explanations is that storm, rushing up from the Sahara Desert in Africa, blow up red dust and carry it across the Mediterranean Sea where it comes down as "blood rain," which probably gives the Balkans their excuse for hunting—a very favorite hobby of theirs.



"The place is in a wild... Henry made a sudden left turn"



## Lithe and

Now, little ones, if you want to keep that wavy-crested investment, you must keep lithe and limber, too . . . That's the advice of Paul Correll's eye-filling "Posture-expert of Hollywood" . . . and, believe you us, they are the other advice is put into practice. Men who know happiness with a kick in 'em of course, there's the shower . . . IN B —The shower is Shaged Acryl.



## Limber does it...

Then, after the shower, Terry leaps into action . . . he calls this the "Stir-Up" and, taking from several impressions, it seems to be an all-in-one from all angles . . . it's good for the back and waist; Terry sleeps, as well as for extra subtlety after the steam bath. We'll take his word for it . . . and if he needs an underpants, he . . . er! — well, we're in the market!



If it seems effective, too  
we were also in suspense . . .

— why, we couldn't have done that even when  
we're talking out! By the way, we don't know exactly what Terry is doing  
in the background, but we hope he's enjoying it as much as we would be!

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## pointers to

### BETTER HEALTH

#### TIRING FEET . . .

Are you having trouble with your feet? Do they feel tired at night? Well, here are two simple exercises. (1) With your legs on a footstool, stretch and separate your toes as far as possible; then rock with your feet. If trying to hold something (such as a pen), the feet begin to tire. (2) Stand behind a chair with your hands resting on the back; place your feet with the big toes together and heel three or four inches apart; bend your knees slightly, rotating them outward without shifting the heel and toe position; do with forward slowly and naturally 10 to 15 steps; just before each foot makes contact with the floor, turn the front part of the foot around as far as possible—pronate—tend to flatten. Foot muscles so strengthened will reduce fatigue.

#### SPRAIN . . .

If you're the energetic type, you're probably used to spraining your ankles for something; one of these days. Have the victim soak a handkerchief or towel in cold water and wrap it around the offending joint, keep maneuvering the bandage after a few hours, strip up with an elastic stocking planter as a wide bandage and keep the injured part at rest. If you've hurt your arm or wrist support it in a sling; if your ankle or knee,

rest your leg on a low stool. If the swelling is excessive, see a doctor.

#### ONIONS . . .

Eating lots of onions every day will reduce your appetite in a week, claim four Chicago (Ill.) doctors in a report to the Federation of American Societies for Experimental Biology. Under the direction of the doctors, Illinois University College of Medicine students ate over two lbs of cooked onions a day in addition to their regular food. After five days, they all felt very tired; their finger-nares were pale; and blood counts showed a red cell drop of as much as a coffee and a half at the end of seven days. The group will continue its study to find whether onions should be banned from the diets of high-strained athletes and persons doing strenuous physical work.

#### BLOOD PRESSURE . . .

Surgeal removal of the adrenal glands (one of which lies over each kidney) has helped overcome certain types of high blood pressure, which often leads to death, reports Harvard (Mass.) University medical school professor, Dr. J. Maxwell Harlow. The operation has been tried on 18 patients, nine of whom showed distinctly beneficial symptoms. These patients are being given adrenal hormones by hypodermic injection.



It's nice to win an Olympic Medal of any sort; but some of the events carry much more prestige—and honour, too—than any of the rest.

In Olympic Records, we can record less any more importance than the others. A Mile was an Olympic record . . . and that's that. But in several fact, some events carry more prestige than others. One of them is the 1500 metres.

There was nothing very sensational about the first Olympic 1500 metres, except Eric Fleck, of Australia, ran twice as fast as the U.S.A. team. Topped off his earlier strength in the 880 metres, with an easy win. At Paris, four years later, the most like everything else that happened at that Olympiad was run in an atmosphere of complete confusion. It was run on a Sunday, and

this resulted in half the distance who were from the U.S.A., refusing to run. It was won by Bennett, of Great Britain, in nearly half a minute faster time than had been registered by Fleck at Athens.

At St. Louis, in 1904, the 1500 turned into a pleasure event . . . and it stayed there ever since.

Bennett came to the meet in 1908 at the Stockholm Games. In the final, out of fourteen starters, seven were Americans. It was the best middle-distance line-up that the U.S. had ever had. John Paul Jones, the world record holder, Mel Shepard, holder of

the 880, Norman Dibber, D. Sheldan, C. Madson, W. McLaren, and Abel Kiviat were the Yanks. The man they were most frightened of was A. H. Jackson, of Britain. They decided to run in a team. The idea was to let Jones and Kiviat run for the tape, with the others running three circuit behind in the last lap. This would force any challenger to run very wide, and pass them. One of the other Britons, also from Great Britain, was J. Noel-Baker.

The game started, and away they went, with Arnold of France setting a terrible pace. He led for two laps, and then Wahl of Sweden took over. Kiviat and Jones had him covered, and so the bell rang for the final lap, both shot past him. Behind them Dibber, Jones, and the flying Shepard put out their spurs. Jackson, Britain's hope, was well back. He chance of reaching the leaders looked pretty dim.

Noel-Baker, with the quick thinking that was to carry him to a British command on the Western Front in the War that broke out two years later, decided to do something. "Come on, Jackie!" he called, and headed for the outside, with a broadside spread. Jackson, pained by the flying Baker, got much closer on the next two hundred yards than he ever could have done without the pickup. With a hundred yards to go, Baker dropped exhausted. By this time Jackson was going fast enough to sweep past the "runner," and so on to cut down the leaders. He was running away, in time nearly seven seconds under the record record.

The year eight years later at Antwerp saw the downfall of a man who had the crowd here the cushion of belief would certainly have started at "solid-as." This was Jim Roy, the Chicago bus-driver, who was likely

to smash his own record, every time they put him down. In the final, Roy made a couple of errors of judgment. The best he could do finally, was eighth place.

The Paris Games of 1924 saw the men created with a new names, Pierre Normand, the Flying Fox, who had dominated the long-distance events at Antwerp, had put up his name for the 1500. Few people thought it possible that a man could train himself for both the distances needed for 1500 and 10,000 metres, and did not enough speed to win the shorter one.

It worked out that the entire pack didn't know Normand, the sky-faced Fox, was the greatest runner that the world had seen. He ran, as usual, step-witch in hand. He took the lead not long after the start, and began to pace on the pace. What everybody expected him to do, was what as many other long-distance runners do, when they decide distances too short for them. They thought the pace would tell on him. But he ran and ran his third lap with the same vigour that had been noticed in his first two. The leader that everybody had to take was an impossible "by the slant." Chockers found that his lap times varied hardly at all. He finally went through the tape the leader of a distant pack of weary runners, in time that shattered the previous record by three seconds. Within two hours, he was to try with the 5000 metres field.

Four years later, France, with only one track and field Olympic victory in the history of the Games, had everything come up. Jules Ladoumègue, unquestionably the finest miler, or three-quarter miler in the world, was enthroned as a certainty, not only by his own countrymen, but for the world at large.

Normand wasn't starting in the short race this time. But another Fox from

the same town, Alm, was a runner. This was a 21 years old warehouseman Harry Lorrie. A protégé of Marais, he had been taught plenty of tricks by the Master.

Lodewijzer never looked in danger of defeat. That is for the first fourteen hundred metres. The classically styled Frenckhuysen led by ten yards, and Marais was making made impression on him. Then Lorrie passed. He didn't accelerate or lengthen his stride. He just stepped up the number of strides that he was taking, as a boat crew does when the sea rolls for a fast dozen.

He caught the Frenckhuysen right on the tops, and beat him.

Jack Lovelock, the N.Z. Rhodes Scholar developed into a masterpiece over a long lap course. Others could, and did, run better times in events without him. But except for four defeats by Stanley Woodward in 1936, he was invincible. And there is no question that the Woodward defeats were at a fairly early stage of his Olympic preparation.

The field for the Berlin Final, as usual, boasted with famous names. There was Cunningham, Gino Vacca, and don Emanuele, of U.S.A., Bergot, whose times had by now a better ring to them than he had been at Los Angeles, Miklos Reito of Hungary, Phil Edwards, still a good distance runner, Coates, runner up in 1932, and Karl Ny of Sweden.

Over the first stages, Cunningham glided still further ahead, and ran an unbelievable 3 minutes 32. He had not only matched the record himself but carried the field along so fast that the four next men behind him all broke the existing Olympic record.

After a break of thirteen years, the Olympic Games broke out again in London. In 1948. Added perhaps by force of neutrality, Bowles had dev-

eloped a trio of magnificient 1000 metre men. They were Lennox Strand, George Bergman, and Horst Eikmann.

The British concluded with Lennox Strand apparently a world's certainty. Never "off the bat," he had looked for very moment a record 3.042 seconds. It was the eleventh best of the British trio, but whereas they had been pushed out, he had run virtually unopposed.

Strand was a wisp of a man, built on the lines of Jack Lovelock, and most of the other great middle-distance men. This probably cost him the race.

Bergeron burst and burst, at random, and varied pace. The closer he got towards a bat, it became a test of strength as well as speed.

When the gun cracked, Henningsen of France, took the lead, and Strand started himself down behind him, obviously going well with himself, and ready to take over at the vital stage. This went on for 1000 metres. But then, it was not Strand, but his competitor, Eikmann, a 28 year old finally barely built disease, who made the move. He surged past both, and set up a fast lead. Strand let him stay there until the straight was reached.

Then he bounded out his effort. He gashed steadily on Eikmann, until with yards to go, he caught him. Catching him was one thing, passing him another. The race were locked together for a few strides and then the smaller man started. Eikmann moved on to win in 3.030, a great run in a lousy track.

That's the 100 story to date. The winner of the event this year at Helsinki is possibly as well concerted as have been most of the winners of the past. Only one thing is certain, he'll have to be good.



"I thought to-day would never come."

# THEY COPPED A COW

There was a moment's lull and then . . . panic, at Kato Bahru, the Malayan campaign had started its first of far too many calamities.



C. EDWARDS

SUNDAY, December 8th, 1941, was a still, hot day in Malaya. Once all the day passed in exciting suspense that was exciting, yet harrowing with foreboding.

A Singapore newspaper had that morning announced in banner headlines that a Japanese attack against Malaya was imminent.

The newspaper story had been based on a R.A.A.F. pilot sighting a Japanese fleet a few hours steering from Malaya.

Even when the report was confirmed, no action was taken by the authorities. They believed that the fleet, warships and transports, would round

on invasion of Sumatra. They also believed that in the remote possibility of Japan invading Malaya, the Nips would be rapidly beaten off by the Malayan defense forces.

There was no belief that those precautions would be put to the test. Blackout had not been ordered; the air raid life of Singapore was not interrupted or ruffled.

It was the same throughout Malaya as on that still, hot, moonlit night.

At only one place was there a note of disarray—at Kato Bahru on the Kelantan coast.

The majority of the town's population was at the picture theatre.

Kato Bahru, an explosives—from the direction of the beach it sounded—exploded, drowning the noisy soundtrack of the film. A voice yelled through the speakerphones:

"The Japanese have landed Down with the British."

The picture theatre panicked. The audience rushed to the exits, several were trampled underfoot.

The panic lasted only when the lights were turned on, and a British officer said "Keep calm; the explosion was in the harbor. The Japanese have not landed."

But the explosion was not at the harbor. It was lone cow—unconsciously straying to grass—that had stepped on a landmine on the beach.

This cow was the first—if premonition—warning in the war in Malaya.

The man who called out "The Japanese have landed!" was a fifth columnist.

Kato Bahru was a hubbed of fifth columnists. And it was on the Kato Bahru beach that the Japanese made their first landings just after dawn on Monday, December 8th, 1941.

What was the extent of Japanese expansion in Malaya and Singapore in the years before the Pacific war? That is hard to estimate, but it must have been considerable.

Here is one story of Japanese expansion, the truth of which is attested on the records:

Amongst the passengers who disembarked at Singapore from a Japanese liner on November 13, 1934, were two modestly dressed, quietly spoken Japanese.

We will call one of them Saito Ochiai, although that was not the name on the passport, a covering declaration in which described him as an employee of one of the trading interests of Kodokoro Ichimura, who promoted iron-making in Malaya.

The passport of the second man said that he was Ken Ochiai, an author.

They were over in the wheelchair by Yusuke Nishizawa, Singapore manager and a director of the Malacca Seagro Kusto. He searched for Ochiai. This was accepted without question. Nishizawa was a well respected member of the Japanese community in Singapore, and, amongst other things, President of the Japanese Society.

The passports were stamped after the recent formation, and Nishizawa drove the young men away in his private car. He took them to the Tokawa garden, a rustic house on the Singapore coast. The young men returned early to their beds.

Ochiai spent most of the next day at the offices of the Ichimura company Ochiai saw the sights of the city, called on the Japanese Consulate-General, looked in at the Japanese Commercial museum, and met several other high-ranking Japanese.

Ochiai was so busy that he could spare time only for a brief call at the Consulate-General. He was Nishizawa's guest at lunch at the Japanese Club. The only other guest was Hironobu Kubota, a prominent member of the Singapore Japanese community.

This man had no apparent regular occupation, but he was reportedly a successful business operator. He was a generous patron of the South Seas Association, which sponsored many Japanese-Malayan friendship entertainments.

The two young men returned to the garden house only that evening. In the next few days they hardly left this pleasant resort. But they had many visitors.

Among the Europeans were bumble-headed servicemen, who were stationed at defense points of growing importance on Singapore Island.

Attaches of the Japanese Consulate-General were always at those parties.

The recently formed Special Branch of the Singapore police would have accepted the parties as a normal part of Japanese life—but for two slight indications:

The first was the presence of a young R.A.F. non-com. at the parties on two successive nights. The second was that two guests were brought to the sixth floor and returned to their barracks afterwards in a private car.

Kabuki had been under quiet surveillance for some months.

The Special Branch decided to look a little more closely into these guests before parties.

That evening discovered a substantial network of espionage and attempted bribery in which the two young Japanese were closely woven.

The young R.A.F. was educated that he had been offered a substantial sum of money if he could produce a copy of the Air signal code. The general and Charles had been trying to get information from them, and that Charles had offered cash for any information they could pass on.

Police officers visited the garage house at night on December 4 and talked with the two young Japanese.

The man we have named Ochiai was nervous. Under questioning he confessed that he was a Lieutenant-Commander in the Imperial Japanese Navy. He also confessed that he was engaged in a special espionage mission, that the cover for his work was the Ichikawa Bangyo Koudou by whom he had never been employed; that his companion was a spy, and that Yoshio Nakamura was fully instructed about them and had advanced funds for their work.

The man we have named Ochiai was more hard-boiled. He would admit nothing, even when papers emerged

his belongings showed that he was a member of a strong-arm branch of the Black Dragon Society.

The two men were locked up for the night. Next day they were placed on board a Japanese liner leaving the country for Japan.

The Malay officer had pleaded that no reason be made of their detention and deportation to the Japanese Consulate-General.

But that officer was fully informed of the event almost as soon as it happened. So was a number of Japanese suspected of espionage activity.

These of them hurriedly booked passage on the ship that took the deportees from Singapore. Other malcontents went to ground.

Amongst them was Kabuki, the timid man. He and another suspected agent were flushed from their hideout two days later, held as warrant for some weeks, then deported.

One of the first calls the police made as the morning of December 5 was at the office of the Ichikawa Bangyo Koudou. They were looking for Yoshio Nakamura. Nakamura was out. A message was left for him to call at police headquarters at 2:30 o'clock that day.

Surprisingly, Nakamura kept that appointment.

As the clock at police headquarters showed 2:30 he stepped down his car, walked briskly into the Special Branch office, bowed elaborately and with great familiarity to the officer who met him there, with a strangled moan, fell in a crumpled heap at his feet.

Yoshio Nakamura died a few minutes later without uttering a word.

A post mortem showed that cause of death was strychnine poisoning, the amount verdict self-administered.

But—whatever you care to call it—it was "Bam-koo"—from the doctor, perhaps, but still the old Big culture of "Hawaii."

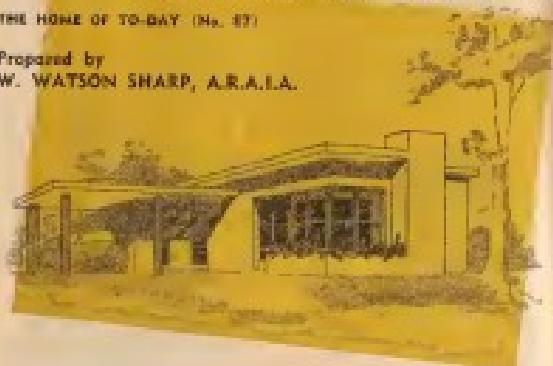


"Maybe your wife doesn't understand you, but I do!"

# *DESIGNED FOR A*

THE HOME OF TO-DAY (No. 87)

Prepared by  
W. WATSON SHARP, A.R.A.I.A.



# *STEEP DECLINE*



Again featuring the trend for out-door living, CAVALCADE suggests a home plan in which the terrace is an important feature. This occupies a fairly large area and serves also as the main approach to the entrance door and to the car port.

The large combined living and dining room has double doors opening on to the terrace from the living room end, and large full length windows to capture the view from the dining end.

A feature is made of the open fireplace with a book cabinet built in on one side. The two bedrooms each have ample built-in wardrobe, and from one of these there is a short direct to the laundry.

As the land falls away steeply at the rear of the building, the laundry is accommodated at a lower level underneath the main bedroom.

The minimum coverage required to accommodate this house is 55 feet and the overall area excluding car port 1200 square feet.



A warning to all professional bachelors and also to some husbands who may be in grave danger of being overwhelmed.

## BE WARY OF WENCHES

**A**ll the Ladies! What would we do without them? . . . And, please, let there be no point. There is absolutely no need to harp.

Women, they're everywhere—especially as at writing. Which makes that no answer for vulgar just. The situation is evidently serious. Something must be done . . . BUT first before the Material Male Grade himself reduced to the status of dross in a female's love-life, let post which would have considerable educational-value, be it which for most mankind in the long run can be disastrous overreaction.

From now, the writing is on the wall.

as well as everywhere else).

Periodicals of every shape, size and color . . . even the skank columns of a hitherto-prudish Press are blazoned with brawny and better seductions by which maggots may more efficiently trap a mark.

Round Men—who could once pass and escape with faintish pleasure—in more danger of being seduced.

It's later than he thinks and man had better prepare to defend himself.

So . . . with this forebode and in view . . . we offer a few hints on Counter which may be used to foil the more conniving of wretched men-women.

A careful study of the literature of Sex-Appeal has not yet by Acknowledged Analyst has made the strategy of the propositioned poppet of the planet only too gaudily evident to us. Written down, then, plan of attack is based on SIX STANDARD WILES:

**Wile One:** "The first wile of Sex-Appeal is to speak with year eyes."

The reason for this is that the FF's eyes "are the windows by which men are able to see her tripled sensuality . . . and to become infatuated." The text-books add that the MV becomes infatuated fastest if the FF's eyes are capable of "registering salivation, shudders and motions of ecstasy."

Then comes the tactic by which the Female Feminist character referred to as the FF gets her man, not by the robust as men as she has been introduced . . . ? She achieves this (we guess) by sitting and thinking: "I know he feels a strong attraction for me I can read it in his face, and he knows I am aware of his feelings." Whatever the Male Victim, thereafter referred to as the MV, becomes conditioned by thought-transference, hence his baneful processes (an absent-mindedness, apathy, and even Neuroticism (commonly termed "The Coward's Disease"). The wife — though not necessarily initial — is nevertheless dangerous. If it succeeds, it will undoubtedly lead to something much more serious. The MV must therefore restrain his and his wife's and resort to the first . . .

**Counter:** The MV should also sit silent, thinking, "She signs showing?" After a second or two, he should go on to remark magnificently: "A power for your thoughts?" thus causing what is called "A Quizzing." As it would be highly embarrassing for the FF to confess what the really is thinking at the moment, she must either repeat histrionically with a good swift lie or suffer a spasm of nervous asthma. In the latter case, the MV would fold papers and keep his eye closed. Women, however, are notorious for their ability to produce a heart-wrenchingly convincing lie on the spur of any moment and so the MV must be on his guard against . . .

**Wile Two:** "The second secret of Sex-Appeal is to speak with year eyes."

The reason for this is that the FF's eyes "are the windows by which men are able to see her tripled sensuality . . . and to become infatuated." The text-books add that the MV becomes infatuated fastest if the FF's eyes are capable of "registering salivation, shudders and motions of ecstasy."

**Wile Three:** The procedure prescribed for cultivating true "shame and remorse" is for the FF "to stand in front of a mirror and, covering her face except her eyes with cardboards, to watch the expression in her eyes as she repeats, slowly, again, and again, the words . . . and desperation!

It is this last emotion which the MV should aim at arousing by employing the second . . .

**Counter:** On, rather, one of two Counters—A and B. Counter A is in some stroke frozen up as based on the logical side. It consists of the MV standing behind the FF, looking hysterically from his neck and shouting in an apidized voice: "Good God, girl! You must see a doctor! You've got St. Vitus Disease!" This contortion rarely fails except with the most insensitive of eye-animals, but MV's with finer feelings generally exhibit more towards Counter B. Here the MV permits the FF to spy herself into full flavor before her whispering caressily: "Good heavens, how that heat in your eye must be hurting you?" the while extending a handkerchief (quaintly heavily scented and moistening: "Here, wipe it out with that!" If the FF recedes in giggling convulsion, the MV again scores full points and adds on to "A Shaltier!" On the other hand, if the FF accepts the handkerchief and, maybe, even takes a word of thanks, the MV must wait . . .

**Wile Three:** "The third secret of Sex-Appeal is the use of your voice."

## WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN?

... Or his wife, either? Not the U.S. Army, anyway? Heavily a de-reverent dramatized her dimly by showing Camp Attaway, Indiana (U.S.), into a double striking tent, top top segments discovered her waiting atop a tent-pole. There were four live eggs in the nest.

Slight was Colonel Stagg's decision. "Any day now the stock will deliver four young chicks; the test must stand."

Experts are unanimous that an "electric compulsion voice" is "utterly irresistible" to men. The FF is instructed to listen to spontaneous records of Charles Boyce, Clarke Colby, Marlene Dietrich, Donald Duck, the Music-Goldwyn-Mayer Love et al et al., select the most "electrically compelling" of these tenors and model her speech on them. Required Results Love at first sound . . . unless, of course, the MV would himself of the next numbered . . .

**Compliance.** This is simplicity itself. The MV need merely extend a pocket of threat language, discrediting man-made or cold-in-the-blood and the responsibility of several more. If the FF's voice comes to a lofty falsetto, the MV uses more forceful full points and adds money for "A Heater." However, should the FF continue the language with a reasonable mixture of exasperation, the MV must recognize that he is about to be confronted with . . .

**Wife Fear.** "The tenth secret of Sex-Appeal is wife-hatred."

It is a basic principle of the art of

Sex-Appeal that "the more you help responding to a girl who shows a genuine interest in herself and her work . . . the quickly scores it and responds eagerly." Naturally, the MV is consulted here for recourse but to be "thrust suddenly close" to the FF . . . except their row and return, he may fall back on a really raw . . .

**Compliance.** And see which dimensions surpass. Here everything depends on the MV's stamina. He must wait placidly until the FF finally comes with brusky "irresistible" demands. "I suppose you have an extra washable-and-light?" "You," he then replies, having his hand to hide a blush of conscious pride. "I am employed as a St. Bernard dog at the Sonora Shiva Hotel." If the FF leaps like a cheetah in the direction of the nearest staircase, the MV is instructed to extend hands for an "Hugger." But if the FF responds with a bark of hasty laughter or gaily ambarks on a slingshot round-trip, the MV must steel himself for . . .

**Wife Hiss.** "The fifth secret of Sex-Appeal is irresistibility."

This element (possibly the unimportant) is most important in "any direct relationship" when the MV is "testing out" the FF. And it must be handled deftly. "Irresistibility" can all practitioners point out "can be achieved with a light touch." The FF wouldn't act like Greta Garbo or Sarah the Sphinx. "Please, but restrained, with a subtle use of all her powers" . . . then's the plot to have the MV hypnotized with the FF's "secret mystery." One or two dozen and the MV can be expected to trust all inhibitions, however obscured with a means to later "what makes the FF tick"; and—"provoked and buffed"—and "in a state of mind and even desperate love." Only the most rhesus-macaque-like of MV's ever survive

this test. And . . .

**Compliance.** And suddenly a dangerous measure in which Surprise is JUJ. For maximum effect, the MV, faced with the FF's unpredictable aspect of mystery, must suddenly clutch at her throat, breaths��lessly down her neck and yell "ROOO!" If the FF fails fast on her free, the MV is alerted his total score multiplied by seven for "A Roarer" and is allowed, if he wishes, to raise from the ground. Very soon, if the FF falls in the opposite direction and collapses onto his bottom the MV must become alert for a wife which has been there all the time and has only now caught up with him. It is . . .

**Wife Sis.** "The ninth secret of Sex-Appeal is personal grooming."

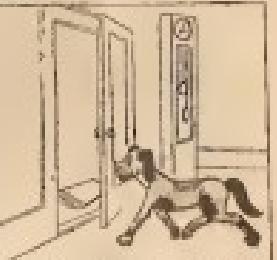
Known as "Making the Most of Yourself," this wife is much favored by FF's. Clearly, it demands that the FF's perfume should be "perfumed but not overpowering"; his clothes should concentrate "her pleasure." Rosalie, Thelma and John-David are highly recommended, and she should constantly take a bath. Then the MV cannot fail to compare her "the personal grooming" favorably with his past experiences and will be "irresistibly compelled to take a chance . . . unless

by some entreaties . . . he has tucked a string of worn "tins, which will lead her to his shirt and hand . . .

**Compliance.** And if the MV doesn't handle this, he's gone. According to protocol, the technique is: The MV shall extend the forefinger of his right hand, run it slowly across the neckline of the FF's dress, withdraw his digit as if stroking by a woman, and blandly exclaim "Touch-touch! Compliance! You can be cold! Let me sweep you in my coat." If the FF creases him with his handbag, he is declared "Your Flasher" and experts, bowed but undeterred . . . "The Winch" Conclusion. If the FF actually vi-

lues the MV to wrap her in his coat, he . . . are . . . er . . . well, there is a *Cause, dictated!*

But perhaps word better and ourselves with baseball bats . . . just in





\* International Note: When Giselle was a girl, she didn't do the things girls do today, but then she didn't do the things Grandmothers do today, either. \* Fugitive Footnotes: The game that keeps a man financially bent is having to face his bills and beat them off at the same time. \* Which reminds us that a bank is a place where a lawless robber can otherwise be his own chief burglar. \* Government-Loving Department: There once was a man who always called a spade—a spade!—he tripped over one in the dark. \* This—by some electric process of relativity—leads us to remark that the only time most men turn the other cheek is when they're shaved the first. \* And—as our Barbering Bureau noted when he was lifting up the press-ticker—drabuff reveals something really important about a man: he still has hair. \* Family Fortune: Every wife's hope—is to be weighed and found wanting. \* In which regard, we must confess that we never had a chance to start with our wife... words fail us. \* Then, of course, there was the happiest wife and a gig with her Army officer friend... obviously a rift with the Lieutenant. \* Our Texas Film Fan opines that there should be a University degree awarded for acting... Bachelor of Paris, no doubt? \* And, while we're on the subject, there seems no harm in pointing out that Ida Mae Teller has come to a student whom both cut with a wrench and leave him when in with an exam paper. \* Still worse than happens: Our Cable Car Collector complains that our habit of talking to oneself wouldn't be so bad... if we weren't such a damned bore. \* To Old Time Screwball Shopper: The bloke in the next flat is reassuring that he's got a new consolation: he's suffered from a double-dice hand with three aces—each ace named after him. \* Doctor-Miss-Volley: Throwing the needle at both ends is one easy way of going out like a light.

**OUR PRIVATE QUIZ:** Question A goat had a 1 ft. rope tied to its neck; there was a heap of garbage 20 ft. away; the goat wanted the garbage and eat it. How did he do it?

**ANSWER:** The other end of the goat's rope wasn't tied to anything, so the goat just strayed over and ate.

# WARTHOG KING

# BATTLE OF WITS

BY PAUL REINHOLD  
AND GENEVIEVE

QUESTION: What's the best way to get rid of a mosquito? A) Shoot it with a gun. B) Boil it in water. C) Wrap it in a cloth and freeze it. D) Throw it in a trash can.



ANSWER: Mosquitoes don't have a heart, so they can't drown. A) is right. C) is wrong because mosquitoes don't have bones. D) is wrong because mosquitoes don't have lungs. B) is wrong because mosquitoes don't have mouths.



AS THE WIND FRESHENS,  
THE SAILORS IN THE LAUNCHES  
START TO LAND AND, LOOKING  
DOWN, SEE A COAST GUARD  
BOAT DRIFTING.



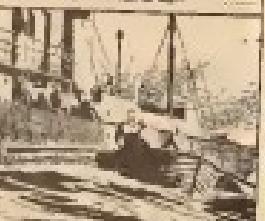
DRAWING A COAT ROUND  
HIS HEAD, KATH STAYS ON THE  
WAVES. THE WIND HAD  
MOVED THE COAST GUARD  
BOAT OUT OF SIGHT.



UNTIL THE FRESH  
WIND DIES, SHE IS  
SAFE. BUT SHE HAS  
MADE A NOISE, SO  
ATTACK ATTRITION...



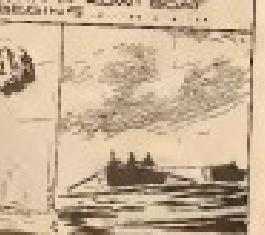
KATH'S MIND DELAYED,  
SHE PICKS UP A COAT  
TO PROTECT HERSELF.



THE MEN IN THE LAUNCH  
ARE NOW APPROACHING  
HER.



THEY ARE WORKING  
WITH A ROPE TO  
REACH HER.



AS BOTH MEN COME  
NEAR, KATH TURNS  
TO FACE THEM.  
THEY ARE WEARING  
COAST GUARD UNIFORMS.  
ONE ONLY JUST IN PLACE.



KATH MEETS HIS EYES,  
BECOMING BRAVE  
AND DETERMINED.



KATH REACHES FOR  
COULD NOT  
REACH THE ATTENTION



WE CAN'T PUT YOU  
IN THE LAUNCH.  
WHEREVER YOU  
MADE PORT, I  
CAN PHONE FOR  
HELP.

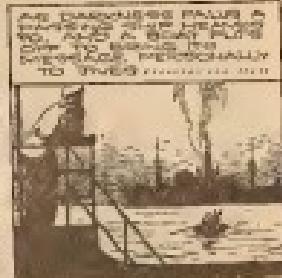


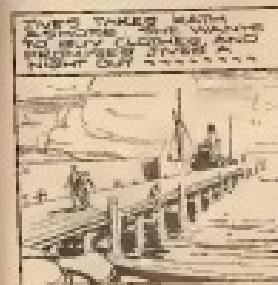
WHO WILL YOU PHONE?

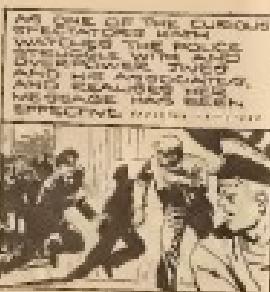


THEY TURNED TO  
CLARKE, HIS MATE.









MATH SEES THE POLICE  
BOAT HEADING TOWARDS THE  
RESCUE BOATS AS THEY ARE CAUGHT



HASTILY SUMMONED TO  
SHOOTDOWN THE JET, MATH  
ARRIVES BY CAR AND IS  
UNLUCKY TO FIND  
MUCH ON THE SPOT



MATH'S GALLANT ATTEMPT TO  
RESCUE THE JET HAS BEEN  
PRAISED BY THE PUBLIC AND  
IT IS GLAD TO FIND  
A GOOD LEADER.



LUCK FOLLOWS MATH BACK  
TOWARDS HIS HOME COUNTRY.  
THIS IS HIS WAY TO SPEND  
A HOLIDAY.



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Had anybody ever reported the case of a carpet snake swallowing a duck? Oldtimers fibbed off the story.

## dora and a duck

I can't say that my sister was entirely to blame; there were several other complicating factors. But she did suggest the "Poker" and she selected the spot for it. Of course, it had to be near Dora's camping place.

My sister should have had more sense. We had all heard of Dora . . .

Dora was — as she nicknamed — the last of her tribe; and the Old Timers of the district were inclined to agree with her. At least, they claimed that, to their knowledge, she had survived about half-a-dozen bushrangers and so community on earth could survive a tenth-rate of that sort.

But whatever were the rights and wrongs of the case, the fact remained that Dora was loved in kindly wisdom.

had had a dark journey down over the beach . . . in, further, she lived in comparative lonely seclusion. Dora was a grotesque character and she was also an animal person. Deprived of the companionship of her kin, she had collected around her an queer combination of leviots and ducks, as well as a fluctuating population of monkey men and even more bushrangers and rascally sorts.

Dora harbored all these odd-souls of here surely, but her tenderest affection seemed to be lavished on the fowls and ducks. She was a large woman. Indeed, if anything, than the Axe of Spades and much more shaggy — and she took her pain liberally! to her ample bosom.

Those few kindly explorers who had penetrated into the squalid gloom of her humpy reported that it was furnished mainly by a small brick fire-place, an eat-one-in-new-friend double-beds and two suspended latrines, one depicting the "Ten Red Lines" shooting, hunting and robbing, at Shishchar, and the other illustrating the Coronation of Queen Victoria with whom Dora spontaneously uttered a sharp blood-curdling laugh.

The double-bed she explored ended with chequered valance was impartially shared by Dora, any fowls or ducks which might be hooliganised, or ob-

This sketch shows some more, with extra names; my sister and I fibbed off.



erson, perhaps two or three females one or days who had been unwary enough to put themselves in the position of "expecting shortly".

Dore's white antelope received the explorer's welcome with pleasant shudders of recognition and her bizarre choice of bed-mates was widely discussed. "Just what you expect," my mother and her cronies were almost unconscious in ensuring each other with unconvinced glee, but the Old Timer, with a steady ploughman's resilience, was disposed to offer a more rational explanation. To their minds, Dore's whinnings were not so grassroots as they appeared at first sight; they had a basis of need, sexual or otherwise. "Wasn't the whole district infested with carpet-snakes?" the Old Timer argued. " Didn't every settler within miles in himself dash about the nests of the serpents he had shot down and disembowelled, to extract how many scores of emaciated snakes?" Q.E.D. The reason for Dore's action was understandable. She was merely doing the sensible thing and making quite certain that no carpet-snake could poison her pets behind her back.

So, that morning-as my sister and I were setting off, bounded by the billows, the sides of corn beef and bread, the box of matches and the trout oil in which comprised the usual equipment of our "jackets" . . . my mother heard two silent warnings.

"Look out for snakes," was the first. "And see you keep well away from Dore!" was the second.

Naturally, my sister immediately循ed our path through crooked tracks country straight towards Dore's hide-out.

We did not, however, arrive unawares. Our approach was heralded by an acrobatic referee, white-leg quacken, chequered and crowned and, as we entered the clearing, a bodyguard of squat-crowned bilious

formed up to escort us past a platoon or so of flocks and drunks in the direction of Dore's bumpy.

"We had almost reached it when Dore herself emerged to greet us. She was accompanied by a large white drake which settled into a slouching position on her rear and hissed vociferously at us.

My sister and I joined to a nervous halt. The drake hissed some more and rubbed its scimitar neck against the folds of what Dore had evidently folded herself into believing was a skirt.

Today, I realize that the pair of them might have given a vivid if somewhat exaggerated impression of Lucifer's entrance with the serpent Queen, but I was then too young for such thoughts. I was also too busy trying to insert my sister inconspicuously between myself and the drake. As my sister had apparently been impinged by the same instinct, we collided heavily and the bilious fell to the ground with a hysterical clang.

The drake ceased to take the noise as a personal insult. It hopped louder than ever and even wedged a foot or two towards us. My sister and I shrank. Dore surveyed us with an air of thoughtful serenity.

"Tote gibbit bancy," she uttered at last . . . without any pronounced hope; but even as if she didn't want to release expectations of keeping herself in practice for better prospects.

"Ain't got none?" I repeated.

"Gibbin' ticklepoise then," cried Dore, reluctant to accept defeat. The drake underlined her request with a murderous threat of its beak.

It is doubtful whether my sister was more appalled by the drake or by an overall absence of religion in this regarding such levels of savagery as were clearly.

"Do no such things!" she protested. Dore decorated her with a scurvy

of short dialectics. "Dob-'er" she advised bitterly, "Flarry no-good prancing, you father, you!"

"Huh!" exploded the drake.

"Cameon! Gorrreter that!" I snatched my sister venomously and departed by the scrub under full steam. As my sister was unprepared for my take-off, she was in a slight disadvantage, but she beat me to the other side of the clearing by several strides of her.

Pounding an old-cow, I turned to re-establish my prestige. "Glow, who goes to sleep with cheeks on her chest?" I was about to believe in affirmative romance when I suddenly noticed that I might as well say what breath I had left from the scrapple. Dore had vanished . . . presumably to pull on the concealed ramifications of her bosom. Only the drake was visibly active. It was waddling with vindictive persistence on our tracks. It hopped gaily to itself and its neck swayed biliously to and fro like a snake victim ready to strike. From its general demeanour, I gathered that-no doubt by some strange intuition-it had passed my unspoken calculations and was revenging them deeply. So, it seemed, was my mate.

"Gibverup, you!" she snarled, totally unprepared by my burst of invective and framed into expletives profanity. "Dyer went down broken to the death of 'em!" In a spurt of dead horses, she dashed further into the bush. Shallowly, I followed her.

We descended past the bank of the creek which served Dore, her drake, her flocks, her essential oxentes and felines and any stray cattle grazing as the vicinity as a concealed winter-supply and overwintered and grazed warmly about us. We listened. The bank seemed unusually silent. I put out my arm to head with a b-

tree branch. There was a hollow clang. My sister and I started like startled bats and I was obliged to slice over the bilious stricken from my fist. At this moment, I have an accurate idea of how it came there! "Toot!" observed my sister merrily. We listened once more. Except for the wind in the leaves and the continuous lowing of a distant cow, there was no sound. Not even a spout.

Rendered reckless by thought, I roundly condemned all Foresty Officers to several weeks' flogging, including regarding that lack of regulation company dashed me from making my unashamed world and hopped a dry on the verge of a ditchbank to dash through the billymen from the creek. I set it on the fire to boil.

Placed by a reverent wet of tree-roots and bloddy-roots, my mate apportioned on a small, rounded log which somebody cutting fence-blacks had either forgotten or abandoned and, looking nose-to-wins, regarded herself as unrepentant the slate of come over.

Having provided repast with the best of sin and a lady ring in the best profigious manner, I snatched opposite my sister and transfused the billymen with a hypnotic glare, for fear a child engorged me by hollering before me.

The bilious flickered indistinctively, a darkening mass of meat opened up the side of the billymen, now and again a coil popped with a brittle crackle, an olive-sage bubble or two broke the surface of the water, the leavings of the dinner cow dissolved to a disengaged mess; the weed passed gently along the nose-tips. My sister screamed languidly on her leg and crawled at a slith of corned beef.

For an instant I measured my gaze from the billy eye to her . . . partly to rebuke prenuptial glibness!

but mostly to the case that I was being allotted a poor share of the common store.

A sharp knock caused me to rouse the cook, the barley-grass tent and plank; something skin and bones received such that there was a distinct "Hiss!" My mother's first warning almost electrocuted me.

"Look out! Look out! A snake!" I uttered crossly.

It was my mistake. Either there was something wrong with my sister's reflexes or the laws of gravity are not to be under-estimated. Or perhaps my mother was a little absent. At all events, my sister had been a trifle absent. At all events, my sister had been, was-absent, harrumphed backwoods, she proved herself incapable of reaching out without as swiftly as I could turn. Wedged, instead, she lunged, pounced a second, in pounced again, then her leg rolled under her and she toppled with a horrendous thud onto the barley-grass behind. A still more silent "Yowza!" ended in a guttural croak and my mother's voice swelled on silence.

"Help! Help! It's got me!" she squeaked.

"What's got you?"

"It, I tell you!" my sister sobbed uncontrollably and thanked me superstitiously than ever.

And thus suffocated croak wrangled freely with her shrieks and my sister sprawled, Jack-in-the-Bushwise, to her spot.

"What...? Where...? What...?" she wailed, chasing herself in a rapidly limbless circle and wriggling apishly at her tortugga.

I could feel my eyebrows touch my scalp. "My Good, were you're done?" I snarled, slouched into undesignated darkness to reorient, where my mate had sprawled, Doris's desk unscratched and apparently lifeless, in the barley-grass. "You've spanked

her back to death."

"Aye? What?" required my mate, applying a book to herself and proving veritably less maidsy.

She caused chiding herself and, bawling over the postscript croak, admitted it to a clear minded observation.

"Why, so it is!" she pronounced in a tone of righteous indignation. "Well, it just serves ya right then!"

"What if Doris finds out?"

This was an aspect of the situation which my sister did not seem to have considered.

"Perhaps it isn't all dead," my sister suggested without undue optimism.

"Perhaps it's just dandied."

"Well, after you've been trying it for a football for ten minutes," I countered sarcastically.

Against all the probabilities of magical success, the croak quivered faintly before it gave because exasperation.

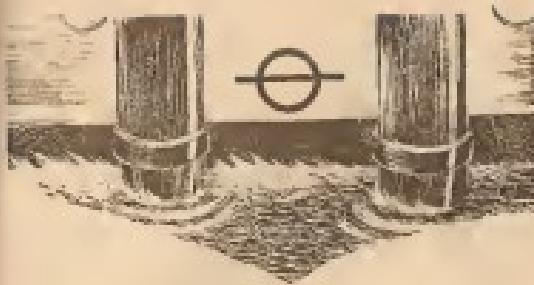
"Good God! What'd I tell you?" my sister squeaked expensively. "We have to do something... quick!"

I had always prided myself on being able to run in an emergency. So far as my experience went, there was only one thing to be done under the circumstances. I did it. I had been told that, when people fainted, you threw water onto them. The sicker the better and preferably in large quantities. Revisiting the bilberry from the fire, I drenched the contents over the croak.

The croak wriggled with a plangent squawk, seemed to become suddenly obsessed with the delusion that it was a Super-Fastness wriggled its wings, prodded itself for a moment, crash landed flat on its spines and moaned like a ventriloquist's dummy in a further series of shrill squawks.

"See, I told you it was alive," my sister needled blithely.

I had drawn on the fact that the up-to-date medical attack Doris had orchestrated and apparently lifeless, in the barley-grass. "You've spanked



## The Plimsoll Line

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Samuel Plimsoll, who was born in 1824, with the forename Sam, was a member of every kind of public service he could find. He was first elected to the shop committee of the Royal Dockyard, the men of Portsmouth, the men of Peterhead, who in 1871 were invited to open the British House of Commons.

Samuel Plimsoll was an unassuming, quiet, unostentatious man, but one who gave his全部 to his country. In the wisdom of his days, when transportation means were still "offic" ships, men, keeping one month on deck, complained that, owing to the sheer monotony of their day, they could make nothing but a pig's ear of the monotony.

Plimsoll observed the labor work on the government's ships. And when he told the Admiralty he wanted to have a bill passed, "which would prohibit shipping from leaving port until it had been signed [Plimsoll]

you closed at a liberal rate, would prevent loss by damage."

He could not know what was then unrepresented in the British Parliament, of the late nineteenth century. Had he, a member of the House of Commons, spoken his mind, he might have had his voice heard.

A year later, in 1875, shortly as public opinion, and that of Parliament, had ripened to the Marconi telegraph, the first single-polarized wireless, the "Plimsoll Bill" was passed. This, known as the "Plimsoll Act," was passed to give the sailors of merchant shipping additional safety throughout the world.

Today, we all wear oil paintings, bright orange, yellow, red, blue, which save us from the heat in the summer, and from the cold in the winter. Thanks to the great scientists, we are all safer, the benefits of science numberless and unmeasurable. As the same time, our free, and independent, Life Office supply us with the best range of insurance protection. We can, moreover, depend upon it well for the welfare of every man, woman and child in Australia. It is who we are, say that every Australian benefits through our Life and non-life insurance offices.

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My hours were deeply partitioned. Apart from the better ratings of the drama there was only an occasional moment; it rarely re-occurred in colour.  
"Tired as she could" my mother persisted helpfully.

Her advice, though well-intentioned, was too late. Something which I did not then fully understand caused me to an excess train, surged through the night. It was David moving under full pressure.

The drama tattered frayed to its last and expressed all my joy of adolescent cause by a scratch as oldish that it frightened even itself, and swelled once more.

But David had spent his tryste "Bash Bash! Bash!" she puffed ahead in an over-exuberant tempo. "Ha, plucky go-goed little passiveness, you Bash that dash! That dash belongs not to you, ha right! You are!" She put on a fresh note of speed and thundered, reluctantly at us.

"Gotta move on!" I snarled at my sister, having no choice but to cower. My sister, however, had anticipated me. She was already across the room and moving at no mean pace towards the curtains. I sped in pursuit. Behind me, an elephantine thumping indicated that David was ploughing into our "panes" and her bennettian accent ham-fistedly and I judged that she must have met the drama. "Ho! Plucky damn passiveness! Fuck plucky dash!" she was bawling like a bull-terrier. "Ho! plucky boney! Ho! plucky boney! Damn stinkin' son of a dash! He can move you yes!"

She snarled so she meant it too. I remembered my mother's record warning. I imagined her smile "Lorraine go! Lorraine go! I never did nothing" horridly my sister under the false notion that I was David as her brother. Like a bennettian willy-nilly,

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were nestled into the bushes.

My sister opened into a narrow gully and promptly cast me again as if I was a passed article, barking. She snatched square on my nose.

Disembarking myself from the nest, I backed furiously in an effort to strip my sister from my shoulder-blades. I confronted my sister's dark-ant magnificence. "Murder! Murder! Murder!" she panted in an ecstasy of despair. I took her word for it and rapidly commenced to re-assemble myself in the nest.

"Not Not Not murder!"哥哥尖聲地說道。"Just looking for Douglas, that's all."

As I did not want so far to have suffered any lateral wound, I was partially reassured.

I rubbed the eye clear of grit and squinted suspiciously upward. Looking above us I glimpsed what, at first glance, appeared to be an escape from the mists of Living Skirtland. A second and again convinced me that it was Old Tom Jones.

My heart binged one shudder-thunder beat of relief and I relaxed. In a way, Old Tom's separation was not a great improvement on Dan's. He, too, lived in a hut near the beach. He, too, was a poultry farmer; and—wasn't glory—it was commonly rumoured that once, when he was compelled—nay, hospitalised, they had had to wade of five angles before they unearthed his skin. But as he had not been an speaking terms with Dan for the past ten years, I felt I could count on him as an ally.

"Murder be damned! Who-the-hell's the master of that?" he growled, yanking my sister out of her harness. "It's Dan... she's after us... with a *weebie*!" I continued. G have never believed in spinning a good story for what of a few details!

"Yeah! And that's going to eat our

throwin' the lot!" my sister ushered blood-thirstily.

Old Tom sniffed the air like a warthog preparing for the fray.

"Well, is she there?" he said, instructed to have an excellent excuse for putting him on an enemy at such long standing. "Lead me to her!"

"All right, you go first," conceded my sister gruffly.

Swallowing worty on his flanks, we advanced with Old Tom in the creek and out into "yester" spot. The locality seemed deserted. There was not a sign of Dan... and even less of the chook. But the embers of a very satisfactory bushfire were glowing where we had left him over fire.

"Hoi! Throwing to burn out the dash-tot, too, is she?" greeted Old Tom, energetically stamping on the flames. Neither my sister nor myself could see that any good purpose would be served by contradicting him.

"I'll have her hide for this," asserted Old Tom reasonably and strolled leisurely off somewhere in the direction of Dan's home.

Nearby Dan's humpy, Old Tom faltered uncertainly, mutteringly drawing at the end of tobacco as he descended with door disengaged to the usual cackling, booyah, mawing and quacking of Dan's pheasants. (With some reason, they seemed to be able to work him further than they could in.) Then he spat determinedly and marched into the clearing.

"Hoi! Hidin' in the humpy, boy?" Old Tom asked himself rhetorically and advanced loquaciously by leaping through the doorway. Past clenched to clench fist, my sister and I pressed him, too.

At first, we stood semi-blinded in the miasmic twilight. Gradually, however, a fleshy, shapeless figure emerged through the fetal mists with an eerie rattle.

"Ghastly!" gasped my sister and el-



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ENIL HARTMAN

Death (as they said) was the only cure for his disease . . . but death defuses his own cure

# trigger surgery

BLACK shadow tortured Phil Hartman, lying on that unyielding bed in his sleep hood. They crawled out of the dark corners of his mind, retreating, seeking. There is no other way out, they said. Kill yourself.

He wasn't anybody in particular just a sick, pleasant young guy. Phil Hansen. Born in a small factory town, his folks died when he was a two-headed kid. He was raised in an orphan system. He had no big brains, no special talents. Just an all-right guy, trying to get along in a calloused world. He never expected to have as much as five hundred bucks all in a lump. But it didn't matter. He had his health, so what? Maybe a little extra in his pay check now and then. Okay.

Then he met Marnie. He fell hard. The course of it was she felt the same way. She fell for the shiny dope with the thin, slicked hair and cherry bomb.

Just a couple of kids, nuts about each other. Small town stuff. When he got his first nose and bought that old pickup, that was something.

Just, he would say to himself, just like, I'd do anything for you, kid. I'd die for you. That's what he said. And teacher he was going to prove whether he really meant it or not.

This is how it happened. Marnie hadn't even learned to drive.

It was on a sloping road out of town. Phil had promised to teach Marnie to drive. She was doing fine when something went wrong under the hood. He

slid out, lifted up the hood, and started working.

Sometimes Marnie got scared and let out the breaks. The pickup started to roll downhill. Phil tried to jump and pulled to Marnie what she should do at the same time. He didn't make it. He fell under.

He would never forget Marnie's face when he came out of it, at the hospital. It was pale as a sheet. She clung to his hand firmly. "I'll make it up to you, Phil," she sobbed.

He groaned. He didn't want her to know what he was going through. "I'll be swell, kid. Soon as I can, I'm going to San Francisco. They got the doctors there. They'll have me like new in no time."

But soon he was all wrong. The best doctor he could find gave it to him straight from the shoulder. He recovered all right, except for that stabbing pain in his back when he tried to walk. His legs were okay, he could navigate on them as good as anybody. In fact, to look at him just, you would never know.

"We've run out," the doctor said grimly.

"But it isn't half!" Phil protested. "Just when I try to move too fast. That's it!"

The doctor shook his head. "It will get worse. It is progressive." In a year he would be flat on his back for good. Then his legs would go numb, then his arms, then his lungs. It might drag on five years.

"There's just one chance," he added. "An operation. There's only one man who'd try it. Unfortunately he's a very busy person, and he comes high."

Phil asked him how "How high?"

"Maybe five thousand."

Five thousand dollars! Might as well be five million.

He decided to stick around San Francisco a while. Think it over. One

thing was for sure. He wasn't going back and marry Marnie. Make her life hell, watching her die day by day.

So now, after those tortured days and nights, the answer remained the same. KILL yourself.

The only thing left to decide was how. Phil had made no provision for that.

The back ached with a dull steady throb. Funny how he could move his legs were fine. It hurt like hell when he swung them down to the floor and sat up.

The floor was strewn with bottles. The moon was a red trap. It made a gay crowd just looking at it.

Phil was lightning a butt from the floor when he heard the man in the next room move around. The guy did a lot of passing nights. Through the corridor—then well Phil heard him in there. Now he heard the guy move out, until the key in his door lock, and crack down the front stairs.

It made him think of something. The last time Phil went to the shower—yesterday, maybe—the guy's door had been half open. He could see his legs on the bed. In the corner, as his shower dinner, was a gun. A revolver.

Phil hadn't thought much about it at the time. This was a tough district. A guy might keep a gun handy for protection. Now his thoughts focused on that revolver with a purpose. The gun was off.

Phil's mind was hungry for death now.

Phil slipped out. He tried his own key in the guy's door. First it rattled, but he felt a give slightly. Putting all his strength into a single twist, he forced it to turn. The spring snapped it wide open.

Shoving the door softly behind him, Phil plodded around the room. Several neighbors had trouble, too.

He turned to the dresser. A third of denim shot through him when he saw

that the revolver was nowhere on it.

He started searching through the drawers frantically. He found it tucked under some more dirty clothes way at the bottom. His fingers closed around it. It had a cocking slot.

Phil's eyes went up for a last look at himself in the mirror. The man staring back at him out of it was a mess. Lathered from his illness, his eyes glazed out of dark hollows. His hair was rumpled. He needed a shave. He looked like something out of a nightmare.

All at once Phil saw something else reflected back, through the mirror, beyond the other kook ticks. The door flew open and a man stepped in.

He was big and steely. He had slicked-down hair, black hair. It came to a point down his forehead. His mouth was twisted and hard. His pale eyes blazed at Phil. They were locked with hate.

Still clutching the gun, Phil turned to make some feeble explanation. The guy didn't give him time.

"You won't get out!" he snarled out. Then he lunged.

His balled fist cracked out at Phil's face.

The fury in the man's eyes terrified him. He clung to the revolver stubbornly as the man fought to take it.

But Phil kept it. He slipped down to his knees. The man closed in above him.

With a groan of pain, Phil gave a surrendering wrygh. The gun hand jerked around the man. There came a sharp cracking sound. The gun cracked against his shoulder with Phil's fingers on the trigger.

Above him the man's face twisted oddly. His heavy lips slavered, his eyes bulged. Then he plunged down

against Phil, face to the floor.

For some seconds Phil was too numb to move. He had killed.

It was the warm blood falling on Phil's hand that aroused his memory-palsy. With a slavery job he pulled out from under the dead man and stood up.

He looked at his hands. There was blood on them.

He let the gun fall, and ran. He didn't even feel the pain near his spine as he crawled down the hall on a deck. Then he saw the landlady. She was an old moon-faced woman. She stood at the head of the stairs, watching some towels and sheets. Obviously the star next door hadn't gone out at all, just downstairs to ask the landlady for clean sheets.

The look on her grizzled face. The way her eyes popped and her jaw shook.

When she saw him coming, she screamed. She could see it was covered with blood. Phil pushed her aside and crawled down the steep stairwell.

After while he was too tired and sick to run any more. He sank down against the well stones of a marble alcove and sobbed. Then he taught to get hold of himself.

Then he could think nothing straight he rolled himself. What now? What was left for him?

He had to hide. Yes, that was it. He had killed a man. There was no love left you away with it. He wasn't a clever guy. Not very smart. He couldn't commit a felonious crime if he tried. The landlord new him. He'd cut the come on his trial. Right now they were after him hunting his description over radios and telephones.

But—she didn't know his name, not his real one. There was nothing in that room to give him away.

She didn't know. She must never know what happened to him. She would find somebody else. • It

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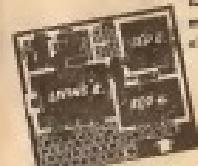
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would take care, but she was young. What happened to her didn't matter, but the cops had ways of finding them out. If they caught him, they would somehow know who he was, then Max would become involved.

"He'd pay for his crime, sure. He would die. But the cops must never take him alive."

He stood in a crouches to cover the blood on his clothes. He washed his hands in a gutter. Always he kept to the darkest streets and remained alone.

The body shivered with a never-ceasing pain. To walk was sheer agony, but he kept on going. He had to. He had one last shred of the other gravity. He must get away, get far as possible.

When he reached a paved road or a sign, he hid. Mochtar's voice out of his mind started torturing him. The pain became a burning tide of torture that made like fire the blood out of his lips to have been increasing ahead.

Then he saw him. He was like a phantom in the San Francisco fog. Tali, Mochtarishah, he was a long dark shadow and a grey hat. His feet seemed to make no noise at all on the wet pavement. He would break up suddenly out of the shadowed fog, then he would vanish.

Finally Phil couldn't stand it any longer. If he was going nuts, he wanted to know it. When a sharp, backword shove showed him that phantom figure moving behind him in the crevices he ducked in a doorway. The heart pounded in his throat as he waited. He watched the tall figure lean up, shade into the foggy light of a street lamp, then vanish.

Phil looked at his feet. Numbness. He wore numbness. That was why his feet made no noise. But he was real. Phil needn't complain, not yet.

Phil stalked in an alley and slumped

at shade. After while he noticed a change in the air, a heavy tang. He was close to the center. He could hear it now. Soon he was walking along a dock. Ahead, covered by darkness, was a pile of empty boats near a dark warehouse. The tide was rising to, below.

He found an empty crate and crawled in. It was bitter cold. Shivering, his mind cried for sleep. His eyes wouldn't stay open, but when he tried to sleep the sharp needles of pain and the jagged shadows pricked him awake.

Already he was good as dead. He thought suddenly. Why not? Here was as good a place as any. He wouldn't go much further. It was the end of the rope. The whale Tadla Ossen was out there, ready to help him.

He crawled out, walked to the end of the pier. Below him, as he lay down, the black water writhed. It seemed to move and broken bits. The stink wind stung his face. He never ran again. His brain tortured past. No more thinking to do.

Phil stalked in a hot breath of air, then stopped. He seemed to have a voice about somewhere, maybe just a murmur in his ears. Then the black undershot up and closed over his head.

Shaved faces moved above him. Pain floated across his body, then his left something sharp left his arm, and the pain left him.

Slim, Martial slugs. He wanted to sleep forever. That was all he asked.

Then he saw the angel. She looked just like Maxie. Same red-gold hair. Same blue eyes. Same tremor. Her. She was laughing and crying at the same time, as Phil forced his eyes open so he could see her better.

Her lips moved down. They touched her skin. Mashed him over and over whispering. "It's all over, sweetheart. Everything is going to be wonderful."

From now on, I'm sure of it."

The check has been cashed. This man is part of that crazy last century dream a guy has just before he goes out for good. Maxie's face repulsed, but he was sure of it.

But then another face looked down at him. It was a grim face, big nose, hard kind. Sharp gray eyes. A harsh countenance. It was the countenance that reminded Phil of something, something unknown, present to his heart.

"Who?" he asked.

Inspector George Horowitz.

No. This was no dream. This was life-life with a little green dash at the end of it. You—you saved me?" Phil rasped.

"Yes, sir," Inspector George rasped grovily. "I had a hunch at you for a while, then I remembered the place I saw you from."

"Why didn't you let me die?" Phil groaned. "What are you going to do now?"

"First of all, I'll thank you and the others lady down in the lounge because she's been waiting two days for you to come out of it. She's getting a little impatient."

Phil snarled. "But the man next door! I shot him!"

George nodded. "Self defense, of course. Lash Taggart was the most cold-hearted killer I ever saw. He would have murder you to death, even if he did all those others, if you hadn't shot him. He was a maniac to me. I want to be first to shake the hand that put him out of business."

Phil's mind whirled. So that was it. A killer, living in this shabby room. And he shot him. It was no crime to kill a man like that.

Grim conditions made him start up from the bed, but it clicked away quickly when he remembered something else. His injury. The operation on his spine. How could he carry Maxie with that hanging over half his neck back, stifling a groan.

"By the way," Inspector George's voice cut through his misery, "I almost forgot. There's a reward coming to the man who gets Taggart. Ten thousand dollars." He cracked, staring over at Maxie. "I imagine that will come in mighty handy just now."

Phil stared eyes out the window. His brain was buried with sheer happiness. Something checked him, when he tried to thank the Inspector. All he could say was, "Yeah. Mighty kindly."

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# Talking Points

## ANZAC . . .

Not for its dirt and horror and pain—though there can not be compare—but for its pride, its triumph in defeat, and its making of a nation, CAVALCADE this month presents "That Fine Tradition," a firsthand account of the original leaders, by E. V. Turner. An original ANZAC, Turner recalls that down so many years ago . . . and from his experience he draws a moral which may be studied.

## MORE DEADLY . . .

Master Rudyard Kipling must take the responsibility for regarding that the snakes of the species is more dangerous than the snake . . . but we suspect that of the Mamba had encountered the Cotton Tarantula, even he might conceivably have wished. The Cotton Tarantula was but lone among the comparative helpless creatures of the last century. For further details of her which ill-fated glorified progeny, see Wilton Therry's "Delightful But Dreadful Scorpions."

## LEGENDARY . . .

Why hasn't Australia some figure of note . . . like George's Jack the Great Killer, with his seven-league boots,

America's Old Man of the Mountains or America's Paul Bunyan, who strides from mountain-top to mountain-top and uses it iron for a walking stick? It can't be that the country lack imagination (the comic romancing of office-shop loafers and all others at points north, south, east and west disproves that). Or is the country too poor? Maybe . . . but in "Paul Bunyan of the Whalers" Cedric Morelly may make a suggestion . . . and a good one, too, for in some ways his hero out-Bunyaned Bunyan.

## THE STOES . . .

For a glimpse of Australia outside the cities—an Australia that has not yet vanished—and a sketch of the children who live there, read Jack Pocock's "Dawn and a Drift." It is authentic glimpse of the Queensland of its time and of many parts of the Queensland of to-day.

## NEXT MONTH . . .

Look forward to CAVALCADE next month. It really does contain something for everybody. For Australians, "Mosaic of the Fins"; For High Adventure, "Galleon of Despair" and other vignettes of general muckery. For Sport, a frank hearty account of the next business of Britain's westerner. Fiction, cartoons and edition, too, will be just your cuppa, we think.



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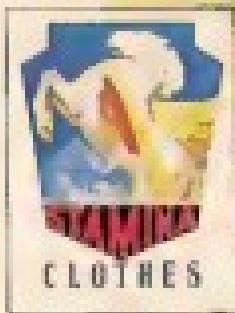
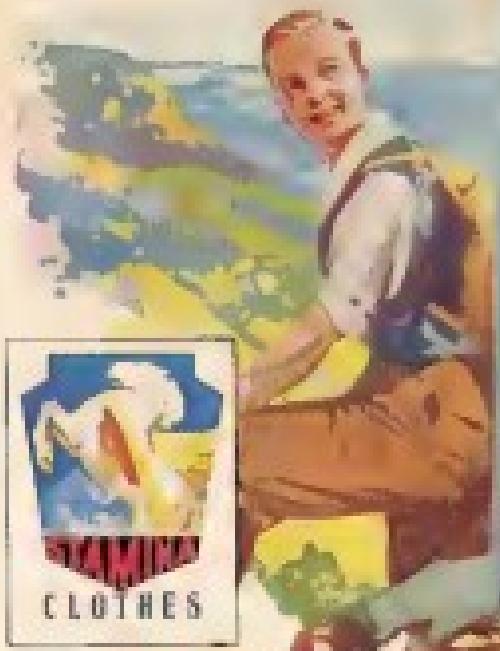
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